

4 JULY OUTING NUMBER



BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

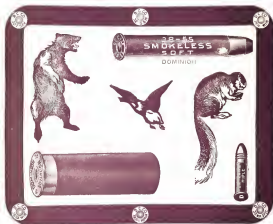
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BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XX.

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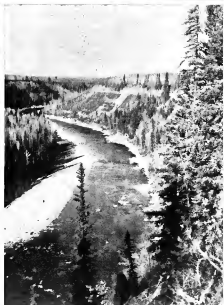
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SILVER BEND ON THE PEMBINA RIVER
ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS IN THE NEW NATIONAL PARK

Outing Number

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XX

Toronto, July 1910

No. 3

Wonderful Jasper Park

Canada's New National Playground

By D. J. Benham

MANY years ago the Government of Canada wisely inaugurated the policy of establishing great national parks within the Rocky mountains, thus guaranteeing to the nation in perpetuity a sense of absolute ownership, and a free access to the beauties of the priceless heritage in the mighty alpland, wherein little Switzerland, the playground of Europe and the delight of mountaineers, might be lost.

The first of these park reserves were named respectively, Rocky Mountain and Yoho, the former known now around the world because of the natural

beauties tributary to the great sanatorium at Banff; and the latter because of the majestic grandeur of the Selkirk, which are upreared within its confines. These two parks, however, include but a comparatively insignificant area of the vast alpland of Canada, which beyond a narrow strip on either side of the main line of the C.P.R. is practically an unexplored and virgin wilderness, abounding in scenery magnificent and sublime. Hitherto these two parks have afforded sufficient scope for the cosmopolitan army of mountaineers and the Alpine Club of Canada in their strenuous but ennobling sport, unfolding each year some new wonder, some fresh delight, some added charm which enthral the sight-seers of the world and brings them back in each recurring season in ever-increasing numbers.

Now, however, new tourist areas within the hitherto inaccessible, defiant ranges of the north, immense, unnamed, unmapped and unknown, but which are believed to contain the climax of all that is rugged, massive and majestically beautiful in the Rockies, are shortly to be opened for exploration. They will be traversed by the two new transcontinental railways, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, which will pierce the mountains through the Athabasca Valley and the Yellowhead Pass.

There, too, the Government has just established another mammoth park and forest reserve, which embraces within its confines 5,450 square miles of territory, comprising all the vast region within the watersheds of the Athabasca and the Saskatchewan rivers, and extending east from the great divide to the foothills. It will be known as Jasper Park, perpetuating the name of the famous old post of the fur trade, the ruins of which will be one of the chief points of interest in a historical way within the park.

To effect the formal occupation of the park it was necessary for Commissioner Douglas and party, of which

the writer was one, to make the arduous journey of 350 miles by pack train and saddle horse. The old trail is a historic one, closely associated with far western explorations, for over it journeyed Thompson and MacKenzie, Henry, Franchère, Simpson, Jasper Howe, and a score of others, who assisted in blazing the trails of civilization into Canada's great hinterland. The country traversed is a dreary desolation, where for the most part nature has been wiped out of existence by forest fires, and where only grey, ghostly, dead timber remains to haunt the horizon.

The mountains first appear in indistinct outlines while still nearly 100 miles distant; but it was from an eminence in the valley of the Athabasca (Mistahav Shikow Setpee) the Great River of the Woods, as it is known by the Cree, in distinction from the Saskatchewan (Mistahav Peakow Setpee) the Great River of the Plains, that we obtained our first real, magnificent view of the noble Rockies. Though they were still 40 miles away, their battlemented heights, castellated towers, ramparts and beetling precipices, over which occasionally frowned a phantom peak or a snow-turbaned giant, appeared to be in the tangible just-beyond. It was truly a glorious prospect as they rose transcendently beautiful through their shimmering, gauze-like veil of oris-matic, hazy, spectrum colors, with a strange admixture of desolate dreariness imparted by the bare, treeless slopes of the serrated peaks silhouetted against the clear, western sky.

The entrance to the valley of the Athabasca was plainly discernible under the frowning eminences of Roche Perdreux and Roche Myette, the grim cyclopean sentinels which eternally guard the Jasper portals of the pass. Those grand old wardens can be discerned and recognized from the very limits of vision 100 miles eastward, owing to their peculiar formations. Roche Perdreux, or Folding Mountain, is an outstanding landmark, beckoning on the traveler to the beauties and



THE MALINCE LAKES

EXHIBITED IN A RANGE BEARING THE SAME NAME, THESE LAKES AND MOUNTAINS FORM A SCENE OF STUNNING BEAUTY

wonders of Nature beyond. In it the first range of the Rockies, a chain of pinnacles, pyramids and peaks, terminates in an abrupt precipice 3,000 feet high, and so sheer and clean-cut that it might have been split down at a single stroke, when those mighty masses were rent asunder, upheaved and piled in promiscuous, wild confusion. The awful convulsion of Nature, which has left an eternal impression here in the ferine fracture, arouses a feeling of reverential awe and makes frail, finite humanity shudder to contemplate it.

The Athabasca Pass at the entrance is about five miles wide, and presents almost every variety of landscape, from the flower-strewn prairie, and stretches of parkland and forests, to the most wild and rugged mountains. Five imposing peaks, which the old traders thought worthy of names, on that highway of the voyageurs, are ranged in a semi-circle as a grim phalanx of hoary warriors of the pass. These are Roche Perdreux, Roche My-

ette, Roche Ronde, Roche Suetie and Bull Rush. The little amphitheatre of parkland which lies in the shadow of their majesty has as its centre and as its crowning effect, Brule Lake, a shallow, treacherous expansion of the Athabasca river. The landscape presents a picture so exquisite in its delicacy, so harmonious in its diversity of features, that it might be a dream of fairyland—the ethereal creation of a wizard's wand.

It was a glorious sight as the setting sun burnished the mountain-tops with golden shafts and flaming, fervid hues, while a few vapory clouds floated lazily in the azure blue, beautified by iridescent, polychromatic tints of departing day. But it was grander still as the sombre shades of evening, with a violet haze, crept up to the pinnacles, and the softer shades of the autumn moon stole like a benediction of Nature upon her handiwork.

Ten miles south of this point on the headwaters of Fiddle Creek there is a cluster of magnificent mineral springs,



A GLACIER AT LAKE MALIBIE

at an altitude of 4,200 feet above sea level, and 1,200 feet above the level of the pass. One set of springs has a temperature of 116 degrees, three degrees hotter than the springs at Banff sanatorium, and with a volume of about the same capacity. Another set further up the mountain has a temperature of 125 degrees.

Near those springs there is a series of wildly picturesque canyons, which follow the serpentine course of the brawling mountain torrent. The gnarled and wrinkled walls of solid rock rise to a height of about six or eight hundred feet, and occasionally their gloom is relieved by glimpses of snow-turbanned peaks above and beyond. They are more picturesque than even the famous Fraser canyon on the C.P.R. route, and ultimately will be

converted into one of the great scenic sections of the park. There are also immense coal deposits in that vicinity.

Viewed from the western slope of Roche Myette, the valley of the Athabasca rivals the famous vale of Avoca. From the limit of vision on the west the noble Athabasca winds through the pass like a thread of silver, into Jasper lake, which lies seemingly at your feet, embosomed in a rich foliage of firs. From a southern direction, away towards Mount Dalhousie, and parallel with the Colin range, the Rocky river foams and surges along its tempestuous course to a junction with the Athabasca river at the head of Jasper lake; while from the opposite direction the Snaring river careers down past Suetie to the confluence. Away and beyond is a panorama of fascinat-

ing, diverse, bewitching beauties, with a vista of lateral valleys from which rises rugged range upon range and peak upon peak in endless variety of pleasing configuration, until the mind stands aghast at the immensity of things. The site of Jasper House, which can be discerned away in the distance on the opposite shore of Jasper lake, lends a touch of genuine historical romance to the scene where three waters meet.

From this point it is about twenty-five miles to "Swift's," as the homestead of the kindly old squawman, E. J. Swift, the presiding genius of the Yellowhead and Athabasca Passes, is affectionately known to everyone who travels that trail. Everywhere the path is begirt with mountains, which rise in almost monotonous configura-

tion and height, uniform, naked and brown, save where the grey ghosts of a forest, dreary and dead, stand marking the pathway of the terrible fires which have denuded the slopes of vegetation in years gone by. The one striking, remarkable exception is Roche a' Bonhomme, with a peculiar wing, like a ridge of a house, running far out into the valley.

Swift's homestead is located about six miles from the eastern end of the Yellowhead Pass, and about fifty from the summit, or 350 miles west of Edmonton by the trail. He has resided there with his Cree wife for seventeen years, far beyond the outmost fringe of civilization. During that time his generous heart and the code of honor on the frontier have made his name synonymous with hospitality from Edmonton to Fort George. It has yet to be said that he ever turned anyone away hungry if he had food to divide, and this he has not always had, though he is now independent.

Four miles beyond his home, at the base of the truncated cone of the Pyramid, lie the ruins of Henry

House, once the headquarters of the Northwest Fur Company in that section of the mountains. The ruins occupy the centre of a natural park on the banks of the Athabasca, a few miles from its source, and afford a peculiarly strategic point from which to view or visit many of the main places of interest within the reserve. Immediately across the Athabasca is the mouth of the Maligne river, draining lakes of the same name, which lie embosomed in the fastnesses and solitudes of the massively rugged Maligne range, 35 miles away. These lakes are regarded by competent authorities as the most beautiful place in the Rocky Mountains, if not, indeed, in the whole world.

The southern aspect from Henry House rests upon the main range of the Rockies, where Mount Gekkie (11,000) towers aloft sharp, defiant and inaccessible. Southeast lies Simpson's Pass, in which region of perpetual snow and glaciers is the real source of the Athabasca, though the turbulent torrent which sweeps out through those rocky gorges is known



MOUNT EDWARDS AND THE HEADWATERS OF THE FRASER

as the Whirlpool. Directly upon the height of land in Simpson's Pass is that peculiar freak of nature, where "the relative position of the opposite waters is such as to have hardly a parallel on the earth's surface; for a small lake, appropriately known as the 'Committee's Punch Bowl,' sends its tribute from one end to the Columbia, and from the other end to the Mackenzie." The Whirlpool river flows northerly across the Buffalo prairie from the Punch Bowl to a junction with the Myette, where the latter surges down from the summit in the Yellowhead, and in their confluence two or three miles from Henry House the mighty Athabasca is born. From that point the railway surveys turn due west into the Yellowhead Pass, and proceed over the Great Divide.

The site of Henry House, owing to its commanding position amidst those points of interest, beautiful surroundings and rich alpine scenery, may be chosen as the townsite wherein will be built a great modern hotel as soon as the railways reach the park. It would be a charming location. However, old Jasper House, with its picturesque site on the Jasper lake 25 miles east, and its even greater historical past, is a rival for this distinction.

The Athabasca and Yellowhead valleys have a really delightful and surprisingly equitable climate for a latitude of 53, and a flora and fauna equally surprising in their comprehensiveness. Fruit grows in luscious profusion; indeed, it is one of the most marvellous wild fruit countries on the continent. Raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, six different kinds of blueberries (vacciniums), currants, high and low-bush cranberries, cherries and dew berries flourish and bear most prolifically. The wild flowers in season are said to be so beautiful and varied in species as to convert the valley into a veritable paradise for the botanist, while the naturalist may

revel amidst the wild animal life, which includes the beautiful 'montain gris,' or big horn, the mountain goat, coy and lithe; the elk, moose, caribou, jumping deer, the dreaded grizzlies, the brown and black bears, and many smaller animals. There are charms, too, for the scientist, in the rocks of every kind, condition and age, with formations to interest and entertain the student, surrounded by the scenery so soul-thrilling that it must inspire even the most indifferent to all that is wonderful and great in Nature.

The term "Yellowhead" is a relic of the days of the fur trade and the voyageur, perpetuating, as so many of their conferred names do, some characteristic of the country. It eternalizes the sobriquet of a famous Iroquois halfbreed hunter and trader associated with the posts in the pass, who because of his long, flowing yellow hair became known as "The Yellowhead." His operations as hunter and trapper extended over the summit, as is evidenced by the term Tete Jaune Cache (the Cache of the Yellowhead) near the headwaters of the Fraser, where he was in the habit of storing his furs. The term is now frequently but incorrectly applied to all the valley of the Athabasca, instead of the valley of the Myette.

Stents have already been taken by the Park Commissioner towards development of Jasper Park. Wardens and rangers, with a squad of mounted police, have been stationed there to enforce regulations and to institute a rigid protection of game and forests; and this season trails to points of interest will be blazed, huts for mountaineers will be built, and plans prepared for a fine modern hotel and for a comprehensive topographical survey. When these are completed Jasper Park will be a national playground of which Canada may be proud.



"I WAS JUST GATHERING MYSELF FOR A WILD WIND AND FROSTY A ZERO OVERHEAD"

Said MacPherson to the Fisherman

By Talbot Warren Torrance

Illustrated by Stix Murray

THE doctor and the chief agreed between themselves—and then, as we separated at midnight, they told me, their guest—that next morning would do nicely for a run down the river to Bass Rock.

Sunset had augured favorably—a glorious harmony of blended golds, rifling billowy masses of snowy cloud in shafts of strong, shimmering sheen—and the keg of dew-worms I had brought along had been duly inspected and rated up to standard, both in squirmability and fatness.

Biting began as the launch cleared the boat-house. The air did it. A four a.m. August atmosphere in Georgian Bay waters nips. I turned up the collar of my mackintosh, and watched to see whether the other fellows noticed the action. Next I carelessly pulled my cap down as far as

it would go; and the move, happily, appeared to be unobserved. Thirdly, I edged farther forward and humped my back a trifle, to which nobody, I was pleased to note, paid any attention. The hump to the huddle was effected by easy gradation; and then came the genuine cold crouch, to be succeeded, I was fearing, by the savage growl—when the doctor, who was adjusting the throttle, or the spark-plug, or the cut-off, or the air-brake, or the peak-load, or some other curious contraption of the motor mechanism—I never could get a clear grasp of motor-boat fixings—turned a quizzical but kindly look on me.

"Say," he remarked—and, maybe I'm mistaken, but I thought I caught an exchange of covert glances between him and the chief, who had the wheel—"if you should happen to feel

anyway uncomfortable in the bow, move back astern and get the warmth of the engine. She'll be chugging quite a heat right away."

"Oh, I'm snug as a bug in a rug?" was the hollow answer, as I painfully unlimbered and emptied coat-pockets of hands so benumbed at the fingertips they couldn't hold a match. "This mere suggestion of chill in the ambient air'll soon wear off, and it'll be shirt-sleeves for mine."

"Shirt-sleeves," I said I was inclining towards; when, as a matter of fact, what I wanted more than anything else on top of earth was a coonskin coat and link-lined gauntlets! Yes, and shoe-packs, arctic shoe-packs, too! However, I hoped the two hardened and husky chaps gave me some sort of credit for artistic dissimulation.

How the city man on an outing does want to appear to his backwoods comrades that he can stand it, if they can! He, the tenderfoot, will yield to no seasoned dweller of the wilds—at it, off and on, the whole sporting season through—in grit, go and staying power, while his month's vacation lasts! He out of condition? Don't you ever believe it. He's as fit as a fiddle, hard as nails, game as a tortoise-shell bantam—in his mind. Of course, so far as the sporting "feeling" goes, the man's all there. The old instinct to get out and kill things—to tramp long distances, to paddle weary miles, to undergo all the hardships afield and afloat, in quest of fire, feather or hide—is in every fibre. He is keyed up to that pitch when he'd give his last dollar for a dip into the bait pail or to feel the snug fit of his shooting-jacket and come up with his dog on a point.

But put him, fresh from town environment, right on the job, and see how queerly he holds it down—for the first few days, at any rate, while the soft covering is coming off and he's getting really on edge.

Now, there were specific local reasons to account for any lack of form I may have manifested that memor-

able August morn. I had risen after three hours of my usual eight of sleep. Next, I had to grupe my way from the house down to the wharf rendezvous. The road was new—to me, although a celebrated geologist had positively stated that it had existed, just as it was, for countless centuries, and that, unless some prying person discovered precious metal concealed beneath it, this unquestionably prehistoric and pretty humpy and hard rock road would continue to exist unimproved right straight along. Expert testimony on the origin and habits of the road was, of course, interesting and instructive at the time it was taken. Naturally also, it soothed and cheered me as I ambled along, zigzag and uncertain, over culverts, up hummocks and down toboggan slides, with now and then a nice even patch of pathway, to show there was no intentional ill-feeling on the part of the pavement. Furthermore, the thought that I was going fishing, if I could only find the place, was helpful.

* * *

"Now, there's where you'll find it nice and warm," the doctor remarked cheerily.—"If you happen to want that sort of thing," he added indulgently. "I sometimes take a little of it myself, if the blood's a bit sluggish."

Here again I fancied I saw the chief and the doctor furtively eye each other. But, of course, you can't always account for fancies. I settled down on the stern seat, silently, airily, but, oh, how gratefully! Yes, he was right. It was nice and warm. The exhaust passed right beneath and diffused comforting caloric. At first it was genial. Presently it grew obtrusively familiar. In ten minutes it had become painfully pronounced. I slid to one side, but the heat was all over the spot. From obnoxious fervency it increased to real fierceness and, despite a martyr effort to brace up and appear easy, I had to fidget and squirm—or else yell. I looked longingly towards my original seat and thought the occasional dash of cold spray over it the most beautiful and

inviting nozzle-play that ever happened. Now I longed to have it splash me bottom—to my trousers! How I yearned to tail forward, or, rather backward, into the drenched bow!

"Aw! The macintosh began to exude an odor, as the trousers began to scorch, and I was just garnering myself for a wild whoop and promptly a jump overboard, when the doctor, without even gancing my way, said something to the effect that, just as soon as a hot chili oil, it I'd move amissings he'd show me a new wrinkle in gas-engine mechanism that would—"

The chill off? *Parbleu!*—or, if you like, you can make it parbleu!—it had come to the stage of the skin off! I snort up and leaped forward to examine that new wrinkle as it may be depended on it—which, maybe, it did. And, mark this odd circumstance—and yet at certain times I could go to work and reason out that it was an odd circumstance, but something studied and calculating—not a word did either of my companions utter about the smell of singed clothing. Never a syllable was spoken touching the liability of the stern seat of a gasoline launch becoming just the place for a salamander. No hint was dropped that my alacrity in changing quarters seemed undue, undignified, or unsportsmanlike—all of which I somehow felt it was. The incident of which I was the—the moving figure, as it were, just seemed to close suddenly, that's all. I let it go at that. Still, do you know, if I were to allow it, a shrewd suspicion might haunt me that—. But, no matter.

Pipes lit, and the smokers nicely out of the gasoline danger zone, we gave the boat a jack-up to the limit—although, probably, that isn't the engineer's technicality for going ahead at full speed—and lolled back for a good look around. Things were beginning to loom up with more distinctness out of the grizzled gloom and vanishing vapors, and a far-flying, ever-widening, all-compelling vista was slowly unfolding. At first dim, shadowy,

shifting, in the half-light of breaking day, presently objects assumed definite shape along the nebulous shore-line on either hand and stood out clearer against the hazy horizon away beyond, where the river felt, languorous and longing, on the bosom of the bay.

The cold, grey dawn of the morning after is proverbially unpleasant and painfully reminiscent. But the cold, grey dawn of the morning of—"who shall set down, in apt and ruting language, its delights—or amercement, remission, and recollection? What it shadows lurk along the way?—there's your patent safety lantern to shoot them into limbo. The air is chill and depressing—put match to your cuddly and let the warmth radiate around your nose and the fragrance of cut-pug get next to your sorrowing soul! Apprehensive of the weather? What! after the sun last evening a gold path across the water and freshly promising fair tomorrow? Pshaw! No true sportsman is either a weakling, a groucher or the victim of a bogeyman. Conditions, time, place, contingencies—what figure do they cut when the healthy fellow on the threshold of another season's outing? What does anything signify when you're loosed for a month and the primal instinct of the chase has been rekindled in your breast? "Back to the savage life!" is an impulse so irresistible that one blindly obeys it—as the big moose answers the hunter's cow-call, or the Roman voluptuary responded to the cry of the Egyptian siren—and revels in the act! Oh, the rapture! Oh, the—"

"How's that for a sample picture of northland life?"

The doctor pointed to a riverside home, before which we had hauled so, with power off to enable a few twists to be given a refractory coupling. The house evidently had been planned easily, but it had taken time to evolve. It seemed to have been originally built of an immense variety of superfluous lumber, with other varieties added as they came on the market and down the river, from year to year. The car-

penter hadn't disdained the use of infirm slabs in spots. If the material was principally bill-stuff, you'd say that the owner oughtn't to have had serious trouble paying the bill. But yet the shanty was picturesquely patchy and neatly matched the surroundings. A square brick residence with iron dogs on the door-step might have looked odd at that spot. It was set back on the crown of the rock that sloped easily to the wateredge. It had unstudied window-frames, enclosing small panes of, let us say, beveled-plate glass—for what's the use of being so merciless with an enterprising but somewhat hampered builder, who appeared to have done the best he could with this suburban contract?

At the snug little wharf a staunch sail-boat lay moored, while a large skiff and a couple of good canoes were drawn up on the shore. There was no sign of life about the place at first, but just as the launch resumed its cheerful "chug!" a tall, swarthy man, of perhaps sixty, emerged from behind a considerable but job-lot wood pile and cheerily shouted the greeting that proclaimed his nationality, as his home did his pursuit. He pronounced it "bahoo!" but that made no difference. Yes, the day would be all right and the fishing at Bass Rock "sure" to be good. What more did we want than this kindly, sympathetic forecast of Francois Xavier Jean B'tiste Macpherson, fisherman, riverman and occasional trapper and guide, to whom land and water and sky were all like an open book, which he never read wrong? And will you please not marvel at the combination name? Around Byng Inlet are even more fearfully and wonderfully made patrocynies, among the sturdy representatives of mixed races who have chosen that region for their home.

We got to Bass Rock a short while before sunrise and had spectacle of the poet's

Chaatered tinge of the sky,
When the trout leaps highest to
catch the fly.

I wonder if any man will ever paint

a true picture of dawn breaking on a water horizon, at its most appealingly spectacular stage? Still more absurd a thought: will it ever come within the pale of the cinematograph to give us a moving picture of how

In the east a grey-light
Prophecies the morn—
and the prophecy reaches fulfilment—the transition from the subdued to the dazzling; from the hue of cold, dead slate to the rainbow effect, through which presently gleams the dull gold disc, transforming slowly, yet swiftly, palpably, yet subtly, into a blaze of silver effulgence that no human eye can withstand!

The spirit attuned to nature's photographic wizardry, ravished by the sight, may mentally snap-shot the transcendent glories majestically unfolded—but the negatives will never print!

They say you can catch fish at Bass Rock any time; but my experience is that just before sun-up is the magic hour. Statements to the contrary are, I am persuaded, the talk of flippant fishermen, who can stand being called early, but do not hanker for it. The scheme for the man who goes to Byng Inlet waters for this sport is to be nicely on the job while Old Sol, answering the porter's call, is stretching limbs under oriental covers and yawning prodigiously.

Bass Rock lies at the mouth of the old Magnetawan, close to the north main shore.* It wasn't worth while mentioning for six—half a dozen will fill the structure to its utmost capacity, others having to turn away from the door. It is clean bare and the elevation is such that any kind of sea washes over it and makes fishing, except out of a boat, a trifle embarrassing.

ing. At the south end, marking the best hole, is a huge boom-log, superannuated and permanently residing there, with an occasional floater happening in to ask how the old fellow's toughing it. The edges slope only for a few feet out, when they sheer and the channel depths are found. There are numerous crevices and cubby-holes around the rock, constituting eligible flats for select bass families. You fish at a depth not greater than six to eight feet and the shoals give you ideal water into which to coax a fighting fish and land him by pure tackle method. It is an unobtrusive spot, Bass Rock. It wouldn't invite you to go and live on it. Somehow, one doesn't regret leaving it after the sport's over. But it's fishing ground that lingers in the memory and fills one's dreams. As a unit of the 38,000 justly celebrated Georgian Bay Islands you can overlook its faults when you think of the big bass that make it a haunt the season through.

As we tie up and make ready the bay is as smooth as a mirror; for not until the sun peers blinking over the distant skyline does a ripple show.

"We're going to catch fish!" observed the doctor, "or I'm mightily mistaken."

The chief expressed himself to the effect that such a contingency needn't unduly alarm us, seeing that one of our objects in coming down was to do a little fishing. And I think he expected me to add that I'd be delighted to catch something besides cold. But I didn't. I was game. Anyway, the doctor was too busy digging up the biggest worm in the pall to heed, if he heard, ironical remarks.

Who made first cast that magic morning at Bass Rock is as profound an uncertainty as who got Judge Pin's drink in the unattractive Mystery of Gt. Gal. But I have a vivid and well-authenticated recollection that I got first strike. I hadn't gone ashore with the others; for the stern-sea, having moderated to endurable heat, seemed to beckon me back, with penitent look.

Besides, it jitted over what the doctor pointed out as the "sure spot."

That it was a good fish was plainly evident, and I hoped fervently that I had him fast as I stood up to the struggle.

"Take it easy, old man!" advised the chief. "He'll head down channel at first, but soon come in on you and hunt a hole."

The fish held for away, but kept the depth; so I could merely surmise his proportions. My eight-ounce reel seemed to share with me the feeling that there was a contract on. Trip to grip, the strain was testing its quality, and the quality showed stay; but when, all of a sudden, tension eased, as the bass doubled and began the predicted hunt for a hole, and I had barely time to reel in before the pull was renewed with a vigor that doubled the rod, I grew apprehensive. This self-same tackle had won out against the two-to-two-and-a-halfers on Lake Simcoe; but here it was up against a—what? He decided to show me what, as, with a side-stroke towards shoal water, his back making a swirling current, he rose and took a leap two feet in air and, with a wrenching switch, turned and dove again down in the depths.

"Pretty nice one!" murmured the doctor, giving a careless glance at the eddy over the plunge. "And"—his figure straightening and the grip on his rod tightening—"I've got his mate, right here!"

"Another county heard from!" shouted the chief from the far end of the rock, as he, too, got busy with a strike.

"I think I said there'd be doings here this morning," ventured the doctor, neatly playing his fish.

He was marvelously, aggravatingly cool. So was the other fellow. I was—well, I wasn't cool. The sight of my quarry was a very revelation in bass fishing, to me. With them, used to the whale variety, susceptibility to surprise and glee had become somewhat dulled. But don't you infer from this that those fellows didn't want to catch fish, or didn't know how to do

*Yes, good, it lies from Byng Inlet, a village on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, about 200 miles north of Toronto, in the Perry Sound district. The advent of the C.P.R. has made access to the famous fishing grounds of Georgian Bay easy and pleasant. The inlet is situated on the Magnetawan River six miles from its junction with the Bay and is in all respects a delightful headquarters for the sportsman or tourist desiring an outing in this charming region.



"HE DROVE WITH A BATH FOR SEVERAL OTHERS AND OPERATIONS"

it, or felt indifferent as to who killed the prince of the catch. Fishing such as you get at Bass Rock never absolutely pulls, or gives the fisherman a positive Diastase for laurels, even though he's a Byng Inlet man. I speak advisedly. I've been out with a whole lot of them. They may take their fishing a trifle more self-restrainedly than outsiders—but they take it, and all that's coming to them, in this connection.

I resolved to play my fish more warily, for I felt that another surface break would rattle me and I'd lose both him and an inviting chance of proving my boasted patent of angling nobility.

He had taken deep water, just off the shoal, and held stubbornly to the spot. I reached out and reeled in a few feet. The operation worried him and he rose with a rush for renewed upper region gymnastics; but I forced

him back and he took again to the ground flat, in water where I could gaze at and gloat over his great shape. The wag of the big tail was wicked and the twist of the huge head ominous. I held taut and sought to encourage a trip to the shallows. Barks wasn't willing, but finally he came doggedly inshore and I began to see an end to the tussle. But vision was deceptive. The big bass still had a trump or two left, and, if I hadn't had my arts about me, he'd have led out and euhred me. He led out, anyway. I followed suit—and the trick, happily, was mine. Immediately he threw up his hand and went the Kyook on me. I say, did you ever have a fish come the straight, unmitigated Kyook on you. A big, game fish, I mean, that understands the trick and has worked it until his diaphragm is full of gutted limericks? It's a coined word, I know—maybe from the

Arabic, or, possibly, the Choctaw—but it pleases me to employ it until some native word is invented to take its place and do better work. The Kyook—well, this particular Kyook was pulled off with a neatness and dispatch I could have admired greatly, had some other fellow been performing with the fish. It exhibited me hanging on with every hand I possessed to a rod on which was a reel I'd never lost control of but once before—and that time I fell over the gunwale into twenty feet of pond water that hadn't come from the hot faucet. There wasn't an inch of line left to tell the Kyook tale. A hundred yards out a big, lusty scion of bass royalty had the front end of it hooked in his gill, and the wriggling tug-tug-tug he was putting up gave the rod and my wrist about the limit of strain. I could fancy the lordly fish saying to himself: "That fool fisherman up above has had about all the fun at my expense that he's entitled to; so here goes for the usual get-away and walk around the block! B-r-rip!" But "b-r-rip" this time didn't spell freedom. With nose up-stream he maintained a jerky draw, and the movement sent those indefinable thrills from the palm of the wrist, along the arm, to every nerve centre of the anatomy—those riotous, rapturous vibrations, you know, that awake response from the heart, the very soul of the man, and prove the meat, the essence, the exuberant climax of the angling sport. Now was the acute stage, the psychological moment, in the fight with the fish. I had managed to regain equipoise as well as the regulation grip on my rod, and, with suppressio nervi, so to speak, coupled with suggestive know-it-all, as it were, I tried grandstand pose and performance. There was no need to climb a step to perceive that the other fellows were taking in the performance and coldly figuring whether the issue would yield me an inflated bosom or a drooping jaw.

He was a fellow of infinite resource and a lightning change actor as well.

Responding to the hard left draw I made to relieve a situation becoming a bit monotonous, he shot up again to the surface, did another meat turn and followed it with a swishing dive and rush that simply obviated reeling, but gave my grip wrist the worst yank yet.

"Hold him under!" advised the doctor, sharply. "Can't you tell he's an old-timer and a high-air artist?"

"Hold your gras—!"

But, pshaw! It was no time for back talk. The big one had swerved, done another tumbling stunt and, deep down, was sulking once more—all accomplished quicker than it takes to write it.

I gave him a brisk haw yank, a little ruled at his manner of playing the game. Gee-r-r-r-zip! he went, and the reel ticked swift message of his defiance. How long was this monkey business going to last? I asked myself irritably.

"Haul in and I'll hand you the scoop!" sang out the chief.

"Rais!" I had time to pass up that size of a rejoinder. The set in a fight like this? Not on your life! "I'll have you if the tackle holds, my festive fish," I muttered. "And you'll come to me just—"

Another dash for, or rather from the pole, and then he began a slow cake-walk movement, describing, back and forth, a half circle, just as you've seen a chained bear take a stroll in front of his post. The cake-walk was a variation and relief. I let him keep it up without remonstrance. He was fairly hooked, I guessed, and I pinned faith to the tether.

All this time, somewhat absorbed in my own work, though I was, I could not fail to note that my companions were doing things. Each had, in his more summary style, taken at least two or three fish, silently and unobtrusively, as became the expert and hardened class. But I wasn't in the sport just for count. Still, even one's fun has a limit; and then there was a feeling that, if I went ahead bestowing all my attentions on this one fish, there

were other fish attending this Bass Rock at home who might take offence.

So I resolved on a coup.
"Now, my gay finny friend," I muttered, "don't you think that, after fifteen minutes' strained relationship, we'd better get come together? Come around here, Mr. Bass, where I can see and finally reason with you. You're altogether too distant—too coy. So I want you, ma honey!"

Suiting action to the word, I climbed from the launch to the rock and firmly guided the big fellow towards an inviting shoal slope. He was pretty well beaten, but enough vigor remained for another dash up-stream. Then he sullenly obeyed the draw to the shallow, and, after a final futile protest, he lay floundering at my feet, the prize of that August morn'g outing at Bass Rock—a generous fish, black as a Cyclops from the forge; with all the marks of a very bay blueblood,

mouth, eye, gloss and symmetry; a creature of heroic mould; a fish that had fought a good fight and kept the bait; a noble fellow, anyway you took him.

And if I had killed no more of the thirteen, averaging four pounds, that made our catch that morning, I would have been amply satisfied with the triumph scored in securing this, my first five-pound-eight small-mouth bass.

"Grand prix du matin!" observed our riverside villa acquaintance, B'tiste Macpherson, as he took stock critically of the catch, on our way home, and singled out my capture for special attention. "I bet dat fish she's go—!" He hesitated and watched me again hold it to the steelyard.

Then he held the fish up and saw the indicator point the left.

"Well, I'm be damn!"
That's exactly what the good old man said.



STANLEY

"WELL, I'M BE DAMN!" SAID MACPHERSON



MISS LENA ASHWELL

Photo: David Ross & Co.

England's Greatest Emotional Actress, Cradled in Canada

By

Jean Ashbur

TORONTO has not only been the nursery of clever and influential men in the scientific, artistic, political, commercial and social worlds of the great Empire, but it has also cradled many famous and beautiful women who have made their names famous and their country proud. One of her most noteworthy daughters and brightest stars in the artistic sphere is Miss Lena Ashwell, who has attained the distinction of being perhaps England's greatest emotional actress. It is no small achievement to be emotional without being hysterical; to plumb the depths of despair and soar to

the heights of bliss without ranting or becoming merely sentimental; to portray life as it is and woman as she feels; not making the one existence and the other a talking doll, but giving a faithful word-picture of humanity as God made, and the world mismanages it. This Lena Ashwell does with consummate skill and the aid of a powerful personality. To have the capacity for feeling much is a divine gift; the ability to make others feel is a great art and an indisputable power in the world. One's first impression on seeing Miss Ashwell act is that she has a wonderful understanding; that she is, in short, *simpatico*—no English word adequately describes its meaning. One's second impression is that this very desirable quality is highly developed in one's self, which all goes to show the power of the actress, and also that, though art is a great thing, personality is a greater, and the greatest of all is a happy combination of the two, the which is irresistible alike to the cultured and uncultured mind. Miss Ashwell has carved her own career, at times through adverse circumstances, with indomitable pluck and the true Canadian spirit, which means—to be, do, or attempt something worth while. And few young actresses have come so quickly and permanently to the front. For hers is not the fame that dies with a particular song or dance, nor is hers the talent that is but a vogue—the power of the hour or moment—her art is the portrayal of life in all its moods and tenses, therefore perpetually interesting.

Miss Ashwell is the daughter of Captain Pocock, R.N., who gave up steering ships to steer souls through the troublous seas of life, and became a clergyman in the Church of England in Canada. And her brother, Captain Roger Pocock, is a well-known and much-appreciated traveler and author. But that is another story, and let us proceed with Miss Ashwell's career, the foundation of which was so ably laid in Bishop Strachan School, in Toronto. She next went to Switzerland, Paris, and finally finished her education at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, England. Miss Ashwell was originally intended to adorn the musical profession as a singer, and only abandoned this idea on the strong advice of that world-famous actress, Miss Ellen Terry, who examined her in elocution. Advice from such an authority was eagerly listened to, promptly acted upon, and never regretted.

It would be difficult to say which has been the greatest amongst Miss Ashwell's many triumphs, but Mrs. Dane, in



MISS ASHWELL AS ELAINE IN "KING ARTHUR"

"Mrs. Dane's Defence," was a particularly noteworthy one in England and the United States. Miss Ashwell herself thinks Irene Wycherley, in the play of that name, was one of her finest parts.

To be an actor-manager is the hall-mark of success in the theatrical profession. This, too, Miss Ashwell has accomplished at the Kingsway Theatre, in London, where she produced "Dianna of Dobson's," "The Sway-boat," "Irene Wycherley," and "The Earth"—in all of which she has had much personal success as actress and manager.

Miss Ashwell's first big part was Lisa in "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," at the Comedy Theatre, in London. A charm-



MISS ASHWELL

Photo: Stograph

AS SHE APPEARED IN "REVERENDION"

ing picture of her in that role we are able, through her kindness, to reproduce.

Among the many notable players with whom she has been happily associated may be mentioned the late Sir Henry Irving. She took the part of Elaine in "King Arthur" at the Lyceum in 1895, and she was with him again in "Richard III." Then she played the leading feminine roles in "Dante" at Drury Lane with Irving. And she has appeared with the recently-knighted Beerbohm Tree as Katusha in "Resurrection" at His Majesty's, and as "Yo San" in "The Darling of the Gods," (1903). Another part that simply must be mentioned as being an artistic triumph is Leah Kleschna in "The Shulamite," as must her present success at London's new repertory theatre—the Duke of York's—in "The Twelve-Pound Look," "Misalliance," and "Old Friends," in which she is showing herself equally adept at comedy and tragedy.

This brings one quite naturally to her real self and home life, at which, without being too intrusive, we may peep. Although all Canadian women can stand and shine in the limelight of publicity they are essentially home-makers, and while clever enough to be always up-to-date, are far too clever to let themselves become unwomanly. It is a noticeable fact that one never hears the word "house" in Canada. It is always "home"—"The ——— are building a new 'home,'" or "The ——— have a lovely 'home.'" And Miss Ashwell is not the exception that proves a rule. She has a home, a very beautiful one—in London's fashionable quarters—of which she is justly proud, and her own particular room is stamped with her own individuality and good taste. It is not one of those cold, beautiful rooms of any one period that might have been taken en bloc from a furniture exhibition or shop window, nor is it full of photographs and modern nick-nacks that are the abomination of the domestic and pitfalls to the unwary visitor. It is a restful, lived-in room with perfectly fascinating antiques side by side with modern comforts, the whole leavened and individualized with those personal touches that cannot be bought. Tokens from famous men and women, valuable in every way, intrinsically and historically, are scattered through her room, and each one is an interesting reminiscence. Here are the antique shoe buckles worn by Sir Henry Irving, and there a bit of old china from some other great person, but the greatest treasure

to her seemed to be a quaint leather case containing a present-day portrait of her husband, together with one of him as a tiny boy, in a tiny kilt and a huge sporran. Miss Lena Ashwell is in private life Mrs. Simson, wife of Dr. H. J. Forbes Simson, whom she married in October, 1908. He is the eldest son of the late Robert Simson, Bengal Civil Service, and carries on a large practice at their home in London. Miss Ashwell in appearance is much the same off as on the stage, owing to the fact that she uses very little, if any, make-up when acting. She is tall, with a pale, intense face, and strange, rather sad, and somewhat weird eyes, that seem to have seen much and looked into other worlds. In other ways, Miss Ashwell is unique as a modern woman and a popular actress. She is shy, dislikes being photographed, and, wonder of wonders, even outside the theatrical profession, which is essentially a publicity bureau, she dislikes talking about herself! On the subject of others she is interesting—the kindness of Ellen Terry, the pleasure of acting with this one, and the wit of the other—everything, anything and anyone except Miss Lena Ashwell, which is refreshing, if not enlightening. She is very fond of motor-ing, and delights in week-ends at her seaside home, which is within motoring distance of London Town. When asked if she intended to go in for management again, she replied: "I may some day, but it takes up all one's time, and one has no leisure for home."

Such is Miss Ashwell—a successful woman, proud of her nationality and her home; artistic, strong, gentle and capable. In the words of the French-Canadian poet, Drummond—"Dere's not mooch dat little girl can't do—dat little Canadienne."



BAKERS TIERING UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS IN AN IDEAL SPOT

The Baie des Chaleur

By
Edward Hickson

ALMOST every writer who has tried to explain the reason why people travel has given a different one. In my opinion the truth is that nearly all tourists might be said to come under the heading of "the inquisitive," for they are all seeking for something not seen by them before.

I am reminded by this of a conversation I had with a chance acquaintance last summer at Quebec. We were enjoying an after breakfast cigar on the terrace, and watching the different parties emerge from the portals of the great hotel, hurry one by one, led by pater-familias or watchful mother, over to the waiting carriage, climb into it and be borne off sight-

seeing, and my friend of the moment said, "I wonder if these people ever make plans, or if they just stroll around and take things as they find them." Then turning to the glorious river scene at our feet and waving his long arms, the gentleman continued, "But—but—my dear sir, if we could, if we only could by some magician's power turn on this magnificent air, laden with moisture and health, to cover my poor country for just one twenty-four hours! Three days ago I saw hundreds, yes thousands, of cattle dying in the sand, and the people themselves almost choked to death with the drought, and here is all this going to waste, going for nothing. It is

hard." He told me he came from New Mexico or Texas, I forget which, where the terrible drought ruined the cattle business last spring, and his remarks certainly showed the trend of his thoughts.

Coming away from the Ancient Capital a few days later I traveled with a party, two ladies and a young man, who informed me they were going down the north shore of the Bay Chaleur to Gaspé and from there to Sydney and Louisbourg. I ascertained they were going over a country described by an ancestor of theirs in some letters in their possession, and written by him while he was an officer in the English army with Wolfe. He had been at Louisbourg with Wolfe and afterwards landed for official duties at places along the coast, eventually arrived at Quebec in time to take part in the battle of the Plains. These people had been intensely interested in everything they saw in Quebec, and I have no doubt every stage of their journey would be a cherished experience. So it is we can never tell what our next-seat traveler is thinking about—each has his own interests to take up his attention.

We can all remember when tourist parties traveling through eastern Canada were considered a rarity; now they have become a common occurrence. No record is actually kept from which to obtain an idea of the increase from year to year. Now and then an item appears about sportsmen which gives some clue. For instance, I noticed a short time ago that the New Brunswick government had received over \$35,000 for licenses from sportsmen last year, which it was said amounted to over twice as much as the receipts ten years ago.

No doubt tourist traffic has in-

creased enormously, and when we see the packed trains running through New Brunswick, both ways, from June to September we are reminded that these people must leave an enormous amount of money in the country.



MEETING OF
WHEN THE NAVY AND ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE
OF NEW

THE WATER

IN THE FOREGROUND ALONG TO THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE
OF NEW

FRANK HENRY

I could not altogether agree with my friend as regards the last, but there is no doubt that the territory on both sides of this magnificent bay, which is 175 miles long by over thirty miles wide in places, and without

who delights in magnificent coast scenery.

It is no wonder Jacques Cartier fell in love with the Baie des Chaleurs when he sailed up it that June day in 1534. There is no summer climate like it, the skies vie with those of Italy, fog is unknown and as regards health, disease is practically a stranger. People only die of old age. Among the fishermen farmers of the Gaspé coast, or the New Brunswick side, it is nothing unusual to see four generations living, if not in the old homestead at least within a short distance of it. There is health in the air laden with the odors of the forests, and mingled with the pure atmosphere which rolls up from the ocean. For scenery there is the charm of river and forest, mountain and valley, as well as cultivated land, for wherever along the coast the giant cliffs are split by the mouth of a river large or small, there may be found the beginnings of settlements which often extend inward and include lovely valleys, such as the valley of the St. John between Gaspé and Percé, said to be one almost unequalled in America for scenic beauty.

In a short article like this it is impossible to linger in descriptions of one place more than another. Every one has read of the more famous places and sights such as the great Rock of Percé, and the beautiful Gaspé Basin; but there are rivers and mountain valleys, bits of sea coast, and views of islands set in lakes on which canoe of white man or Indian has never rippled the water, falls and rapids, and long reaches where the canoe will run miles under delightful shade.

Anyone who has spent summer after summer on the Bay Chaleur rivers knows the noble art of salmon fishing.

"You may talk as you like," said a friend of mine from Detroit, "but you have here in Canada the greatest summer climate in the world, and the Bay Chaleur country has the rest of it knocked silly."

rocks or shoals in its whole expanse, is a land of particular delight to the sportsman, whether he is the strenuous moose and caribou hunter of the autumn, the fastidious salmon angler of June, July and August, or the artist

for in no place on the great globe is there such an opportunity for the angler. It is useless naming the rivers. The Grand Cascapedia, the Grande Riviere, the Pabos, are, of course, better than the others on the north shore of the bay, but they are all good, and if one can by art, bribery or good fellowship obtain a few days fishing on

the fishing of some of the local owners, such as that of Mr. Mowat, or perhaps Mr. Alexandre, on the Restigouche, and there is often excellent fishing on the smaller rivers when the water is right. Of course, there is at all times good trout fishing to be obtained, for what would be considered great privileges in the trout fishing



TETAGOUCHE FALLS

A CHARMING SITE OF SUMMER RESORTS

Photo: Thomson

the Restigouche, its great tributaries the Matapedia, and Upsalquitch, or on the Nepisiguit, that gem of salmon rivers, or even the rattling little Jacques, well, the summer has been well spent. I say if we can obtain fishing on these rivers, for of course salmon fishing on the best rivers is becoming a costly luxury, but at the same time there are often opportunities to hire

line in the west are not so much valued here in the land of fish.

A word about the people who live in this splendid summer land. On the north shore of the bay the fishermen are a mixture of French-Canadian stock and the descendants of the Jerseymen and other Channel Islanders, who came out with the old fishing firms of Charles Robin & Co.



GASPE FISHERMEN LANDED THEIR CATCH

Photo: Thomson

and the Le Boutilliers, who have controlled the fishing of cod, particularly, in the Gulf and its adjacent bays since 1766. Like the Hudson Bay people of the west, these two firms thought at one time they owned the whole country but of late years the sturdy French-Canadian, and Scotch and Irish traders, have cut into the trade and it is becoming more widely distributed.

As fishing has always been the principal industry, all the villages and towns are built along the coast, and as the rivers take their rise in the wild and mountainous interior they are all very swift and rocky, with fine falls and magnificent scenery. There are hotels at the principal towns and the traveler will find them clean and well-kept, but there is on the Gaspé Coast an opening for at least two large summer hotels for tourists.

On the south side of the bay the greater number of the French people are descendants of the Acadians who, escaping from Nova Scotia at the ex-

pulsion, lived for years a wandering life in Prince Edward Island and different places along the Straits of Northumberland, gradually settling at Caraquet, Shipogan, the Nepisiguit Basin and Petit Rocher. In the course of time when differences were almost forgotten and the Governments of the provinces became more stable, these people obtained grants of the lands on the Baie des Chaleurs on which they had settled, and as they were pretty shrewd in the selection of property, they obtained many valuable advantages. For instance the coast salmon fishery of the bay has always been a much sought after privilege and although according to British law the riparian owner does not take the fishing in tidal waters with the land, it was understood these settlers could by paying a small fee to the Government retain it, so no one interfered with them and for many years they enjoyed valuable fishing.

A study of the habits of the fishermen-farmers of the Bay Chaleur is

rather interesting. The Acadians brought with them and still retain an extreme reverence for their church, and no matter where you find them living in settlements, the fine stone church, convent and school buildings, and clergyman's residence are the pride of the parish. As there are few evidences of wealth among the people one wonders how the money necessary for such buildings has been found. To them it is no mystery. As a rule stone and lime are plentiful and the farmers have stalwart horses and good sleds. They are a handy class of people and in each village can be found a few good masons and carpenters, and from a small beginning, working at times which do not interfere with the harvest and fisheries and spreading the work over years, the stately buildings grow. There is no doubt the greatest credit for the building of such edifices belongs to the clergyman. Only a per-

son living in one of these communities can have any idea of the energy, judgment and business ability of these Acadian priests.

Thirty or forty years ago only a very small proportion of the Acadians could read and write; the reverse is now the case and at convenient places, such as Caraquet, in the County of Gloucester, they have a progressive college for young men, which is doing magnificent work. In the county named there are out of a total population of 35,000 about 29,000 Acadians and it might simply be stated that they realize their responsibilities. They are fast becoming not only up to date and prosperous farmers but in many districts have taken the lead in stock raising, organization for better methods in general farming, etcetera, and as they own much of the valuable lands of the province they will no doubt be heard of in the future.



"YOU WILL NO LONGER HAVE A BIRTHDAY TO-NIGHT THEN?" HE ASKED

The Glorious First of July

By

Evelyn Everett Green

"MANY happy returns of the day!" quoth Guy Denstable.

"How did you know?" asked Barbara Musgrave, her face rippling over with mischievous wonder.

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" said Guy. "A fiddlerstick for your prophetic soul! But I am puzzled beyond words! I told myself this morning that for once in my life I could get neither birthday letter nor birthday greeting from any living soul!"

They met upon the deck of the great ocean liner. The shores of old

England were more than in sight. They were entering the mouth of the Solent, and the radiance of an English summer's morning was upon the lovely green world which lay before them. After the long monotony of the rolling waves, the two travelers from the Antipodes gazed about with indescribable sensations of delight.

"You will not reach your destination to-night, then?" he asked.

"No; I must spend at least one night in London first. But oh, look, look! Was ever anything so love-



TYPICAL BATHING BEACH FISHERMEN

Photo: Stansby

ly? That young green, the blue of the sky, those soft fleecy clouds."

"The glorious first of July!" said Guy, with a laugh. "Quite the right day for a birthday. All nature is giving you a greeting!"

"But how did you know? You must tell me. I am simply consumed with curiosity."

He teased her a little. They were quite friends now. They had been nearly six weeks at sea together, and this last week, after the boat had dropped the bulk of its first-class passengers at Marseilles, they had been thrown together more than ever. Then he told her.

"You lent me a book, do you remember? It had your name and a motto of greeting, and the date of July the first. Putting two and two together with an acumen worthy of Sherlock Holmes—"

She began to laugh. Her laugh was clear and sweet and very infectious. He had joined in it a hundred times before. He joined in it now.

It was early still. They had the deck almost to themselves. The stewards, going about their task with that air of brisk hurry which denoted approach to port, cast approving looks towards the handsome young couple, and some of them exchanged knowing glances. They had watched matches made before this during long voyages, and there could be no manner of doubt but that Barbara Musgrave and Guy Dunstable were well suited to one another in age, in kindred tastes, in good birth, and good looks.

At breakfast they sat together, and no one was very near. The sense of imminent parting had just begun to make itself felt. After many weeks of constant intercourse was the arrival in port to mean a final separation? Guy was asking himself this question as they chatted over their meal. The thing seemed incongruous and absurd, and yet how difficult to make any suggestions as to future meetings!

Out on the deck again he spoke—a little abruptly, as though he disdained to beat about the bush.

"May I come and see you—some day?"

She smiled. She was glad he had asked it; but there was a doubt suggested in her answer.

"I should like it, but you know I shall not be at home. I have no home now. Australia kept my father alive for many years, but it did not save him. I told you I was going to his elder brother. My uncle and aunt are quite old people. They never had any children. They are very old-fashioned and quiet in their ways. I cannot tell at all what it will be like living with them."

"If you do not like it, will you stay?"

"I think so; for I know that my aunt is frail as well as old. From their letters I gather that they are worried. I think it is about money matters. I have very little money myself to help them with; but I am young and strong and I can turn my hands to almost anything; that comes from having lived in the Colonies. I hope I shall be able to do things for them which may be a help and saving in other ways."

"Do you know the place you are going to?"

"I was there once as a little kiddie—before we went to Australia; just a little after my mother's death. An old ramshackle place, smothered in ivy and honeysuckle and demented—fascinating to a child; but I can see now that it was pretty dilapidated even then. Father loved it. It was his old home, you see. I am going to love it, too. The address? Oh, it is called the Grange, and the post town is Deepdean, Stillshire."

Guy was looking over towards the sunny shore, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"I suppose—one day—it will be yours."

"I doubt it. My hope is that my uncle and aunt may just be able to live out their lives there. They talk

pathetically as though even this were doubtful. I expect—afterwards—everything will have to be sold."

Side by side they stood in the sunshine, and Guy was aware of a sudden and almost overmastering desire to take this girl in his arms and vow to stand between her and all slings and arrows of adverse fortune.

"Now we have talked enough about me and my affairs," said Barbara, brightly. "Let us think a little about yours. How soon will you know whether or not you are Sir Guy Dunstable, and the owner of broad lands and great fortunes?"

Her laugh invited him to join, but his words held a touch of grimness.

"I think it's more likely than not that half a dozen aspirants with better claims than mine will appear. They would have me over, those worthy old fogies of Lincoln's Inn; but I'm half inclined to call myself a fool for coming."

"Oh, you had to come and bring your papers."

"Yes, I suppose I had; but as likely as not it will prove a wild goose chase. If I were the least sure of anything—"

Guy pulled himself up short, and Barbara took up the word in her gay, eager fashion.

"Ah, but it's nicer not to know everything at once. A little uncertainty makes it so much more interesting and exciting. I suppose it will be in the papers when once the question of succession is settled?"

They looked at one another. He longed to ask her if he might write to her. She half hoped that he was going to do so. But some unprecedented diffidence had got him at this moment by the throat. The words stuck there and would not come. Before he could master himself sufficiently to speak them the chief steward had come hurrying up. The luggage was being brought up from below; passengers were asked to clear their cabins. All was hurry and confusion now on board, and the time for quiet confidences was over.

Only at the moment of parting Guy held her hand in a close grasp.

"May I come to see you—on your next birthday?"

Her eyes lighted radiantly as she answered, "Yes."

II.

"Barbara dear, you are very welcome! Ah, my dear child, but how handsome you have grown!"

"Do you think so, auntie? How nice of you. I was afraid I was too big; but girls do grow so tall now. We can't help it, can we?"

She had her hands upon the shoulders of the little old lady, whose small shrunken figure was in such contrast to her own young strength and vitality.

"Auntie dear, you look worried to death, and as for uncle, I should scarcely have known him! He has grown so old and bent and—and—" Barbara had almost added "querulous," but she stopped, the word unwelcome.

He is greatly harassed and troubled, Barbara. There is a mortgage on the property. Our neighbor at that new house you passed coming from the station has bought it up. Mr. Mosely is buying a great deal of the land about here. He wants to become a large landed proprietor. He has been here about six years. At first we were glad of his coming, and your uncle found it easier to have one creditor to deal with than several. And if he ever wanted an advance, Mr. Mosely gave it him; or if the interest was not forthcoming in time, he granted what he called an accommodation. At first it all seemed so easy and pleasant. But now—"

"What is happening now?" asked Barbara, incipient indignation in her tones.

"Well, dear child, I do not understand business. I never did. I wish I had learned things when I was young, for perhaps I could have helped your uncle better. But it seems that we are always getting deeper and

deeper into Mr. Moseley's debt, and now and then he just hints—only hints at present—that one day he may force close."

"What is that, auntie?"

"I scarcely know myself, my dear, but if he did your uncle and I would have to leave the Grange, and I think we should have nothing to live on then except my own little pittance of two hundred a year. As it is, most of our housekeeping is done upon that; only now we have the house to live in and the farm produce for the household, though as much as possible is sold to meet the payments of interest which seem always to be coming round."

"Oh, poor auntie! Auntie, I have a hundred and fifty a year myself, the lawyers tell me. I can't use the capital—I wish I could. I'd pay off that mortgage as far as it would go."

"No, no, dear, that would not be right. We could not rob our brother's child."

"Oh, but I am young and strong. I can work. I shall do a lot of things on the farm. You will see. I shall put a hundred pounds a year into the household purse, and we will try to help poor uncle to be happier again. How I should like to give that Moseley wretch a piece of my mind!"

"Ah, dearest Barbara, that would never do. The only hope with such a man is to keep friendly with him. If once he took offence—ah, it would be terrible! He does with us sometimes. He is coming on Thursday night. You must not show any aversion, Barbara dear. You don't know what harm it might do."

"What is his wife like? Is she any good? If I were to try and make friends with her now? How would that do for a scheme?"

"My dear, he has not got a wife! I wish he had. They say he is looking out for one."

"How old is he, auntie?"

"I don't know, dear. He is stout, and stout men look older than thin ones. But his hair is black."

"He is an oily little Jew, I suppose," gnoth Barbara, and there was a fine young scorn in her tones; but she caught the wistful gaze of the timid old lady fixed upon her, and suddenly a stabbing pain seemed to clutch at her heart. She read the unspoken thought in her aunt's mind, and a thrill of horror and disgust ran through her young frame.

Two days later Mr. Moseley dined at the Grange, and he and Barbara were introduced. Apart from his rubicund stoutness and Hebrew nose, he was not an ill-looking man. He was affable and chatty, full of anecdote and amusing gossip; and as he talked his eyes dwelt again and yet again upon Barbara's clear-cut features, sparkling hazel eyes, and the delicate contours of her neck and throat as they were half revealed beneath the transparencies of her black evening gown.

In the drawing-room, afterwards, whenever she moved, he followed her with his eyes. The slender grace of her young figure, her buoyancy of walk, the swift accuracy and self-restraint of her actions and gestures, seemed to delight his eyes. He paid court to her with a certain *empressment*. He begged Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave to name a day when they would bring their niece to lunch at his house and look at some of his art treasures. He was so genial and cordial that his host began to throw off some of the anxious and timid expression of manner which had cut Barbara like a knife. She had asked herself if he was afraid of this creditor of his, and it hurt her to feel certain that he was.

"If I could save him—save them—from all these haunting fears and pressure of anxiety," she thought to herself that night as she reached her room. But then the picture of two types of manhood rose before her mental vision; Guy Dumstable as she used to see him pacing the deck of the steamer, and the stout, red-faced Jew, sunken in the easiest chair of her aunt's drawing-room. "But the price

—the price!" she breathed, half aloud, and leaning far out of the window in to the moonlit night, she fell into a deep reverie.

III.

Barbara's clear young eyes, together with the advantages of her Colonial training, soon showed to her in part the reason of her uncle's difficulties. The mismanagement upon the home farm was enormous. Laborers came late to work and left early. Tasks were scamped, stock neglected. There was waste in every department. The fowls were too fat and lazy to lay. The wives of the farm hands came to the dairy and helped themselves to new milk almost at will. Everyone seemed to impose upon a kind and indulgent master, and Barbara's young blood boiled in her veins.

In a few weeks' time she was practically in command of the home farm, and a different regime was rapidly established. It was not precept alone with her; it was the force of example, too. She was up with the lark. She checked the coming of the men. She skimmed cream with her own hands, and in the new churn which she had bought she made the butter—so firm and pure and well colored that soon it obtained top price in the market, and she had nearly twice as much to sell week by week as there had been before. Skim milk she gave away, but over the new she kept a firm hand. She superintended the poultry yard, and after a judicious diminution of food, eggs began to come in thick and fast.

"My dear, you are a witch!" her uncle often said to her, as she brought him the weekly accounts, and the money bag with the profits of such sales as had been effected. Then she would kiss the top of his bald head and answer:

"No witch—only just a wild Colonial girl, who has seen how things are done in countries where men have to work—or go under."

It was to her a delightful task, only she knew she had come too late to

save the property to the family. That mortgage—there was no standing up against such a drain as that. Yet if she could save the situation during the lifetime of the old couple, nothing else would greatly matter. She hated to think of the family property which she was beginning to love passing into the fat podgy hands of the Jew stockbroker (or pawnbroker, as she was wont to call him in her heart) when the old people were gone. Still, that could be borne, if she could hold on during their lifetime. And she would work her fingers to the bone to that end!

Mr. Moseley had taken to pay visits to the Grange of late—surprise visits, catching Barbara at her self-appointed tasks in dairy or still-room, in the fields or the sheds. He would get Mr. Musgrave to "trot him round," as he phrased it. Barbara was divided in mind whether these visits were made with a proprietary eye, to spy out the nakedness or the plenty of the land, or whether his object was to pay her a compliment, or to pick her brains for information useful to him with regard to his own farming affairs.

Barbara schooled herself to meet him with a friendly air. She knew how much depended upon his favor, and though it irked her sore to have to dissemble her inherent dislike of the man, in fairness she was forced to admit that he had given her no cause for offence. Moreover, she shrewdly gauged him as a man of violent temper if roused. She did not wish to rouse him, and accordingly the apparent friendship between the pair developed on favorable lines.

As for Mr. Moseley himself, he was vastly content with all he saw. He had never yet acted in a hurry in making a bargain, and he was not going to begin now, all the same, as the months rolled by he was more and more certain that this was to be the crowning bargain of his life. This was just such a wife as he would desire; but in this country how hard to obtain! A woman of elegant appearance, of cultivated mind, and full of

IV.

that elusive quality of charm which defies analysis, yet makes for supremacy and for power; yet with all this a woman of practical knowledge and usefulness, who hated waste and unthriftness as he hated it himself, and would not only adorn a drawing-room arrayed in soft clothing and jewels, but would manage her household and her husband's property in the style of the admirable handed proprietor's wives of old. This was indeed the wife for him!

And Barbara came to know it. He took care that she should do so. He began to talk to her more and more intimately of the affairs of the property, and more and more did she come to understand how hopeless was her uncle's position—how absolutely at the mercy of this man. And, by degrees, he dropped significant hints.

He wanted to take over the property himself, but at her startled indignant look he smiled.

"Dear Miss Barbara, I desire above all things not to displease you. I have no words in which adequately to express my admiration for you. . . ."

That went on for a time, then more definite wooing began to be attempted, and Barbara was made to understand that upon her hinged the whole situation. If she would marry him the old people should live out their time unmolested. His wife's next of kin would then be his, and no man desires to be hard upon his own flesh and blood. Barbara listened with calm face, but inward shudderings of shrinking horror. Each month brought the issue nearer and nearer. Her aunt's eyes grew more wistful, her uncle's words of veiled appeal more pathetic, the Jew's wooing more open and defined. At last the words were spoken to which an answer must be given.

Barbara stood up before them all and spoke.

"Give me till my birthday," she said. "I will give you my answer after the first of July."

"The glorious first of July!"

Barbara sprang up from her bed with these words upon her lips, and was out long before the household was astir. The dew lay thick and white upon the meadows, and the glamor of the golden morning was everywhere. The girl had donned a white dress—a simple dress of white linen, fashioned by her own fingers. For the first time since her father's death she had added a touch of color—a pink waistband, a pink sailor tie, and now there was a cluster of bank-sia roses at her throat.

And in her ears the question was hammering, with the hot young blood that coursed through her veins:

"Will he come? Will he come? Will he come?"

She saw again the white deck of the ocean liner, just one year ago to-day; the fair green shores, the smiling sky. And she saw more plainly still the strong, handsome face of the strong, handsome man, whom those past six weeks had made her friend. His had been her first and only birthday greeting a year ago, and his last words at parting had been the petition—to come and see her upon her next birthday. Would he come?

Not a word had she heard all through the past year; not a sign had he made, nor had she ever seen mention of his name in any paper. This perhaps was not to be wondered at, since she had little leisure for reading the news of the day, nor any familiarity with English papers, and where such items of intelligence about persons and doubtful successions were to be found.

Scarcely knowing which way she took, she found herself in the hazel copse, a charming plantation of about ten acres, which bounded the property upon the eastern side, and completely hid the village, which lay rather near to the house. The wood was bisected by a winding path. Barbara trod that path with light, free step, a



"WHEN LADY IN MY FRAGRANT WOOD AND FOR MY QUESTION SHE SHALL HAVE IN THE EVENING TO ME, SHE SHALL TAKE ME FOR THE ANSWER."

liting song upon her lips. She turned a corner quickly—and stopped short.

"Many happy returns of the day!" A little cry broke from her lips—a cry of rapture. Her hands were clasped in his. His keen blue eyes scanned her face hungrily. Hers were full of the radiant brilliance of hope fulfilled. He lifted her hands to his lips, and having kissed them, held them still.

"Barbara—you have not forgotten me?"

"Oh, Guy—forgotten!" What came next neither could ever say. Did his lips or his eyes, or her eyes do the speaking? Or was it the heart alone that gave question and answer? But what did it matter? She was in his arms. His lips were pressed to hers.

"Barbara—my darling—my love!"

"Guy! Ah, I cannot believe it can be true!"

What they had known in secret before they parted last seemed now to be proclaimed aloud from the tree-tops by a chorus of enraptured birds! It was a beautiful betrothal out there in the tender green woodlands, with the scents and sounds of the coming summer about them.

"The glorious first of July, Barbara! Do you remember, sweetheart—the glorious first of July!"

Slowly they walked onwards, and Guy sketched for her the happenings of the past year.

"Yes, I am Sir Guy Dunstable now, and a rich man to boot. But it took a long time to ascertain the fact. My papers were all right—proved who I was; but there was the intermediate branch to trace, and that was a long business. I had to go out to America with a lawyer about it, and it took us the best part of five months to follow up the clues. But in the end we got all the needful proofs. That branch of Dunstables had become extinct. On the homeward voyage he gave in my name to the purser as Sir Guy Dunstable—my lawyer companion, I mean. But even after we landed there was a

lot of business to go through, and I had to hustle the slow arm of the law all I knew to get all finished up by—my Barbara's birthday. Sweetheart, tell me your story now!"

She told it him. She kept nothing back, and as she spoke of the courtship of Moseley, she felt the tense pressure of the arm which was round her still.

"And you would have sacrificed yourself—sold yourself—to save the place for the old people?"

"Ah, Guy, how can I tell what I should have done? I would not think, I would not decide, I would not even make up my own mind—not until after—the first of July!"

"Sweetheart, I will settle the matter with this man Moseley. It will be easy, for whilst I was in America an old cousin of the Dunstables died, and she left her property to the next baronet, whoever it chanced to be. It was a snug little fortune, well invested. We will lie low till Moseley tries his little game and threatens to foreclose. Then my lawyers shall step in and clear the place of debt. Darling, it is all right; is it not my wife's inheritance? What more right and proper than that I take an interest in its well-being? Whilst they live your uncle and aunt shall stay here undisturbed and in peace of mind and prosperity of circumstance. We will put in an active young managing bullfinch to look after everything, for I cannot spare my Barbara any longer for that task."

She looked up at him with swimming eyes—eyes that sparkled with happy tears.

"Oh, Guy—dear Guy! It seems too good to be true. Are you sure—quite sure—that it is not all a dream?"

She brought him to the house and told all the tale; how they had fallen in love upon the steamer, yet how they had only plighted their troth that very morning in the hazel copse. Barbara, her arms about her aunt's neck, whispered a long, eager story, which brought smiles to the old lady's lips, and happy tears to her eyes. In the

study later on Guy had an interview with Mr. Musgrave, from which he emerged with an air of renewed youth and hope which made Barbara's heart leap up.

Guy spent the day with them—he and Barbara together; and as they strolled through the gardens and up towards the house in the softened light of the approaching sunset, they saw that there was a guest with the old folks upon the lawn.

"It is Mr. Moseley," spoke Barbara; "and oh, look at that monstrous bunch of flowers he has brought—for me!"

"Come along," said Guy. "Let's put

the beggar out of his pain and into his place."

The old people had not dared to tell; but the sight of the lovers told its own tale. The man's face grew purple with mixed emotions. He got up and came forward to meet them. Barbara shuddered even to think of an awful thing which might have been.

"Miss Barbara—I understood you to say—that on or after the first of July I was to have—my answer."

"Quite so, sir," answered Guy, taking the word from Barbara's lips; "this lady is my promised wife, and for any questions you may have in the future to ask, you may take me for the answer!"

Citizenship in a Republic

The average citizen must be a good citizen if our republics are to succeed. The stream will not permanently rise higher than the main source; and the main source of national power and national greatness is found in the average citizenship of the nation.

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the door of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly.

Such ordinary, every-day qualities include the will and the power to

work, to fight at need, and to have plenty of healthy children. The need that the average man shall work is so obvious as hardly to warrant insistence.

He should be trained to do so, and he should be trained to feel that he occupies a contemptible position if he does not do so; that he is not an object of envy if he is idle, at whichever end of the social scale he stands, but an object of contempt, an object of derision.

In the next place the good man should be both a strong and a brave man; that is, he should be able to serve his country as a soldier if the need arises. There are well-meaning philosophers who declaim against the unrighteousness of war. The question must not be merely, Is there to be peace or war? The question must be, Is the right to prevail? Every honorable effort should always be made to avoid war, but no self-respecting individual, no self-respecting nation, can or ought to submit to wrong.

—Theodore Roosevelt.



PHOTO BY J. HARRIS

PANORAMIC VIEW OF LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

PROVIDING WILDS AND BEASTS HUNTERS BY THE GRASS. GRASSLANDS AND BARK PINE TO THE RIGHT, ONE'S HEAD AND MOUNTAIN



VIEW FROM AIR MELLORVILLE, TAITS, COUNTRY GRAY, KNOXVILLE

The Spell of the Eastern Townships

By Helen E. Williams

*"So and so otherwise — as and so otherwise
killed me their Hill." — Kipling.*

A LAND of upland farms and nestling villages; of mountain lakes and tranquil rivers; a new land and a prosperous; a wonder of green in summer, a glory of scarlet and tawny-gold in autumn—such are the Eastern Townships, or, as they are not inaptly called, "The Switzerland of Canada."

When and how the former appellation—by which that portion of the Province of Quebec lying southeast of the St. Lawrence, and including within its confines the Counties of Shefford, Brome, Missisquoi, Stanstead, Richmond, Drummond, Sherbrooke, Compton, Megantic and Wolfe—originated is variously ascribed; the

most authentic version, perhaps, being that at the same time that several thousand United Empire Loyalists received grants of land from the Government in western Canada, or Ontario, at the close of the Revolutionary War in 1782, a few hundred families came to the townships of Eastern Canada, or Quebec, and their friends who remained in the States acquired the habit of distinguishing the different settlements by calling the latter the *Eastern Townships*.

There are places that one wonders at, admires, enthuses over, and ends by—forgetting. But one does not forget the Eastern Townships. Time was when nine Canadians out of ten had



A TYPICAL EASTERN TOWNSHIP SCENE

EXTENSION TO THE PARSONS, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, WITH OWL'S HEAD IN THE DISTANCE

never heard of them. Time was when the phrase, "He is a Townships man," evoked but the image of a shrewd, robust, humorous type, whose propensity for "getting there" was rather astonishing to those whom necessity had never taught "Success is but the science of obedience." Time was when it was enough to know that Sherbrooke and Granby had proven self-sufficient reasons for existing, that Stanstead county was "the banner agricultural section of the province," and Brome, Missisquoi and Shefford, dairy and manufacturing centres. But "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." North Hatley, Lake Memphremagog, Knowlton are names to conjure with. Long before the flat country about Caughnawaga has climbed into the hills that ring with emerald that "Sapphire dropped from fairy casket"—Brome Lake; before those loftier cones, Owl's Head and "darkling Orford," have challenged the prospective mountain-climber; before even Eccles' Hill, of Fenian Raid fame, has fired the patriotism of lovers of ancient lore—the spell has been cast. The scenic views are unsurpass-

ed in charm by any in Canada—but it is not the views alone. The climate is good, and it is true that we like places for their weather much as we do people for their dispositions—but it is something more subtle than climate. Something, it is, which makes these Eastern Townships as much of a cult as was ever Ravello or Bagni di Lucca, on the Other Side.

It is now a number of years since North Hatley, on beautiful Lake Massawippi, has become a fashionable water-place, frequented not only by Canadians, but by Americans as well, who have wearied of the stereotyped pleasures of Newport and the Maine beaches. Big hotels, with modern improvements, recreations of every shape and nature, and cottages which have sprung up over night, as if by order of some slave of the lamp, all contribute their quota in making the *total ensemble* one attractive to the most exacting of the tourist genus.

To spend a vacation at Bondville (named for Bishop Bond) on the western arm of Brome Lake, is to pass into quite another world. Here Isaac Walton has many disciples, and the



COTTAGES AT LAKE PARK ON THE SHORE OF LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

gentle art of angling is all the vogue. Camp fires of outing parties, on the points often send their pencilled-gleams and fragrant message out over the velvet darkness shrouding this side of the lake. At the southern extremity is Knowlton, the picturesque. Those who are satiated with what Arthur Symonds calls "The beauty of consciously beautiful things," find here a simplicity, a harmony, which is almost musical in its appeal. All who are able come when the hillsides are blushing with their first spring beauties, and outstay the spectacular pageantry with which the maples banner their approaching eclipse. That smartness, that indefinable air of favorite resortship, which seems to come to some places simultaneously with their "discovery," fatally detracting from their charm, has not as yet set its blight upon Knowlton. Perhaps this is in some measure accounted for by the fact that although good hotels accommodate transients and all such as have only a few weeks at their disposal, the place is essentially noted for the select coterie—the Hon. S. A. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, and Sir Melbourne

Tait, Dr. Symonds, and Mr. G. G. Foster, of Montreal, to mention but a few names—whose summer residences on the east side of the lake need no introduction. Boating, bathing, canoeing, dancing are facilitated by an efficient club house committee. A bowling green and public and private tennis courts abound. The Conference Grove, which in the last few years has attained the reputation of a "Canadian Northfield," draws the serious-minded, who are thus enabled during the August sessions to listen to discourses by prominent Canadian and American speakers. While the Paul Holland Knowlton Memorial, the repository for curiosities and heirlooms (from the sinister tomahawk and Indian war club ploughed up in this vicinity to queer, awkward, wooden agricultural contrivances, in no wise resembling the machinery which has supplanted them, mysterious chests with secret compartments, affairs for making pills, and a strip of wallpaper, framed, upon the back of which the Confederates printed their last newspaper) donated from all over the Townships, is a capi-



SHAMROCK HOTEL

THE SHAMROCK HOTEL, MONTREAL, ON THE SHORES OF JACQUE LAKE



ALTA HOUSE

THE ALTA HOUSE, MONTREAL, ON THE SHORES OF JACQUE LAKE

tal place in which to browse of a rainy morning.

There are few drives more typical, perhaps, than that which leaves Knowlton to wind through Bolton Pass, over the same route traveled in the olden times by the heavy Concord coach. A trout brook plays hide-and-seek with the road much of the way. Quiet houses of the day-before-yesterday peer incuriously from their "patch of clearing." A little square district school, recalling days when one was told to "speak up there, and don't read like a mouse in a cheese, and mind your stops," sits primly beside its wood-pile. Somewhere away in this waste of rock, and spruce and wind-fall of timber is a smuggler's cave. Many are the tales told of the lawless spirits who stowed their booty there. It was here, too, that a "stranger from the States" was frozen to death one winter, while attempting the then "foolhardy" and "perilous" journey to Stanstead on horseback.

Here a Mr. Anstin, returning with a load of salt from Montreal, had his encounter with the panther, and put him to rest. But farther away, in Broome Woods, that an oat-field was destroyed by bears in a single night, and the standing shocks on an acre corn lot demolished by the same ruthless marauders.

It is but a step now, in the manner of speaking, to the famous Potton sulphur springs (discovered in 1844) for the medicinal properties of whose waters people congregate "out of everywhere into here" each season. When the fastidious have elevated the feature of scorn, and the competitive have qualified many tumblers, and tossed many bean-bags in the Spring House below, and arranged for a dance upon their return—it is time to be off for the race down-hill to the Landing, where "The Lady of the Lake" is in waiting to take passengers down Lake Memphremagog.

Every year sees more of the farms

along the water-front "bought up" and built upon by cottagers, whose return to the so-called simple life is here enhanced by all the health-giving and wholly delightful sports attendant upon combined water and mountain capabilities. Not to have climbed "Owl's Head," or "Orford," or "Sugar Loaf," or "Round Top," or "The Pinnacle," is not to have seen the Eastern Townships. And how one sees it who does! From "Orford" (an eminence of 4,500 feet) the country stretches away in ever widening perspective, the patchwork of green and chocolate-colored farms veined here and there by rivers and toy-like trees, and gemmed by the flash of a score of lakes, till all climb once more into the magnificent range of interlapping peaks, through which, on a clear day, can be distinguished Mount Royal, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and the Green Mountains of Vermont. "Owl's Head," rising abruptly 2,700 feet from the margin of

the lake, is a shorter, steeper climb. From the height you look down upon the veritable woods through which those who know their Parkman will remember that Rogers' Rangers swept in 1759 on their way to "exterminate the brood of tigers" that had so long harried the homes of New England.

"To understand the national life of Canada," Mr. Creighton once wrote, "you must go among the *habitants*." It means going rather farther afield in these days when it is difficult to light upon a spot where someone is not "staying" or "sojourning." But should the collector of first impressions seek that part of the Bolton range always alluded to as "The" Mountain, and find himself in the vicinity of St. Etienne, he will be rewarded by the sight of *habitants* working in the fields in costumes as picturesque as the pleasures, from the ornamental point of view. Should he engage in conversation with one of these, Drummond's name, sooner or later, is always sure

to be mentioned. For they still like to tell of his visits among them, and how he "put questions into them, begosh!" when practising at Knowlton, early in his medical career.

These Assistants prove efficient guides when strangers from other parts of Canada or the United States come to these woods to spend hunting or fishing vacations, or upon prospecting expeditions. For there is hardly a farm among these hills that has not its unworked copper, silver, or asbestos mine. Though sometimes the possessor is deceived, and led into embarrassing situations, as was a man who presented himself one day at Dr. —'s door, in Montreal. He was of the type ubiquitously known as "hayseed," but upon the assistant's politely insinuating that the scientist's time was not at his disposal, he affirmed that he carried that which would make him see him. A certain excitement, held in check, conveyed itself to the assistant, and after a brief parley with his chief, the stranger was shown into the sanctum. He looked about him stealthily, as if to be assured that they were quite alone, and produced from one of his capacious pockets a knobby parcel, from which he proceeded to unpeel many thicknesses of paper. At last a flaming red handkerchief came to sight, and he spread the contents on the desk, and stood back with a gesture of triumph. What might the professor call that? He, the man, had a whole farm full of it. The professor stooped and examined specimen after specimen, then straightened and looked at the stranger, whose excitement was by this time almost uncontrollable. "Iron pyrites," he announced, succinctly, and as the other's jaw dropped and he stared at him speechless, he repeated, vaguely conscious of some substratum of tragedy in the air, "Yes. Iron pyrites—only iron pyrites." "Not gold," choked the man. Then, stonily, "an' I jest married a widdier with eight children, what own-

ed the farm. I—I thought fur sure it wuz gold!"

"What delightful things inns and waiters and bagmen are!" Robert Louis Stevenson has exclaimed somewhere. And delightful the "inns," or boarding houses, of the Eastern Townships certainly are. They are not necessarily always to be found in the vortex of fashion's seething activities, though when they are some of the "nicest" people are among their "come-and-come-againers." They are at their best, perhaps, when you must drive a mile or so out into the country between fields a-tangle with blowing daisies, clover, buttercups and Flora's paint brush—this last the special bete noir of farmers—before you draw up at your destination, and are told by a beaming hostess that she is *real* glad to see you again, an' to come right in, you must be all tucked out, an' my sakes alive but how you *have* growned! It is all very pleasant—even the last, fiction though it is, since your "growing" days are palpably over.

When you have "Taken your ease at your inn," you sally forth. And here are fields where you can go a-berrying, woods where there is still a sporting chance to bring back bags a-bulge with game, brooks from which speckled trout can be lured to furnish fisherman's luck at picnic spreads on springy moss beneath lattice-work of dark-green foliage. Here, from some coign of vantage, looking off through the lilac haze of sunset at a darkening grandeur of scene, with a bell somewhere in the distance faintly ringing, you feel with Goethe that you "May say, paint, describe as you will, but here is more than all." For here, up among the hills, far away from city, and "cuff-and-collar cut," and the strenuous life, you come to know the spell which is the Eastern Townships.

Flies!

By

H. Graham Starr

A MAN crouched over the pungent haze of a smudge he had kindled near the edge of the trail. His smarting eyes blinked vacantly into space—brooding, hopeless, desperate. In a vague mechanical way his hands swept in constant monotony about his head. Once his unshaven, painfully swollen face lifted skyward; the thin lips parted exposing the small clenched teeth; he uttered a groan. His head sank heavily into his folded arms and only the whine of innumerable insect life broke the hushed stammer of the wilderness.

Over the face of the bluff a new figure appeared and commenced scrambling down the steep trail. The poor wretch crouching over the smudge watched him pause at the base of the sharp descent and shift his pack to the point of equilibrium. As the weight came on the tump-strap, the stranger's head tipped back. The other man's gaze slowly focused to an intense stare. His eyes narrowed; he moved uneasily.

The new arrival slipped from the tump-line and unslung his pack-strap. Through the haze the two men eyed each other intently. The newcomer uttered a low laugh and sank down with great deliberation on his pack. He mopped his unshaven face with his arm, while his free hand groped for his pipe. He commenced to fill it with Great West.

"Well, Canfield," he observed, "I haven't noticed anyone offering me the glad hand."

The crouching man shrugged his shoulders. "I heard you were in this

district," he replied without enthusiasm. "It's a relic of barbarism at best, anyway—the handshake; and hardly symbolical." There was a suggestion of significance in the final utterance. His fingers worked nervously as he watched the other man light his pipe.

With a bushman's care the other extinguished the match and looked up. The deep carmine of the lowering sun reflected red from the steady eyes. A slight smile crept into his rugged face and expanded to a broad grin. He chuckled.

"Still the same old sophistries; the same old platitudes!" He regarded his companion with quizzical eyes. "Isn't there any room in the legal profession for an enterprising young man who carries a full stock of canned aphorisms to suit all situations?" The laughter died from his face. "Haven't things gone right? What brought you into this Godforsaken country?"

Canfield looked up quickly. "I might ask the same question of you, Glendenning," he retorted shortly.

Glendenning raised his brows. "And get an unequivocal answer," he replied calmly. "I have been knocking around such places as this ever since I left the Tech. What engineer does not? But you!" An unconscious note of contempt crept into his voice. "I was under the impression that your feet never left concrete pavements save to wear out other people's carpets or help polish hardwood floors." He looked about with puzzled countenance; he could see no indications

of a camp. "It's a great game, this prospecting. I suppose you are sitting in and calling for chips."

"Someone must've told you," came the sarcastic answer. He made a futile sweep at a mosquito. "Like a lot of other fools, I came up here to dig out a few bushels of silver and make stick-pins for my friends," he continued, with savage irony. The ferocity faded from his face. He dropped his head with a dull groan.

Glendenning watched a ring of tobacco smoke drift away and mingle with the thick columns from the smudge.

"Strike anything?" he inquired without much show of interest. The unflinching reply is likely to become monotonous.

"Nothing I can't carry away," muttered the other drily. His hand reached mechanically behind his neck. He drew it back and regarded the palm with hopeless eyes; it was streaked with blood. The spluttering smudge burst into a feeble flame. Glendenning kicked free a piece of moss with the heel of his pack and tossed it on the flickering blaze, swearing softly at conditions in general.

"Flies are pretty bad," he granted.

"God!" It was a strangled sob, more prayer than profane. Glendenning looked up, startled. Canfield had half risen to his feet, beating impotently with clawing fingers at the little winged devils. His pitifully swollen face, streaked with congealed blood, was contorted with anguish—hopelessness—despair. He sank back to his crouching position with a low whimper, vainly endeavoring to hide his unprotected face in his arms. "It's hell!" he moaned drily; "not fit for white men. Sometimes it hardly seems worth while—" He stopped abruptly, his lip painfully pinched between his teeth. Across the smudge the dark eyes regarded him sardonically. Glendenning allowed the smoke to drift slowly from his lips, watching it form fantastic shapes and disperse.

"Go out into the world and prove your worth," he murmured reflectively.

Canfield straightened. His lips drew back slightly and exposed the small clenched teeth. "How did you know she—" His jaws snapped shut. He searched wildly into the unsympathetic, mocking face, his eyes pouring out the questions his lips dare not utter, and searching in vain for the answers the cynical eyes would not divulge. He bowed his head slowly between his hands, nervously brushing away the fresh blood from his ears.

Far into the rose-stained heavens the blue-grey columns ascended, wavered to gentle undulations softly tinged with the glow of sunset and diffused in space. Across the still evening there intruded the fluctuating roll of distant rapids; a faint murmur as of distant breezes whispering among the pines, growing in volume to a deliriant crescendo roar, only to slowly fade to a distant rumble. The low tremolo of a loon, punctuated by the plaintive utterance of a whip-poorwill, burst into a wild, wailing laugh. The drowsy chirping of the retiring feathered creatures was interrupted by the hoarse croak of the more daring night prowlers. And over all the low monotonous whine of insects droned an obligato.

Glendenning tapped his pipe and nodded thoughtfully. "Yes," he said slowly, "it's hell." His eyes lingered on the crunched form; a gleam of pity swept across the hard face. "Two months' flies, two months' bad weather and the rest winter. Yes, it can be hell, this beautiful Northland." He fingered his pack suggestively. "Camp far from here?" he inquired abruptly.

Canfield raised his head. In the feeble efforts of the smudge to burst into flame his brooding, swollen face gazed gloomily into space. Glendenning swore under his breath and tossed another piece of moss on the fire.

"I was asking—" he commenced again.

"I haven't—there isn't any," was the dull reply.

Glendenning allowed the pack to sink slowly to the ground. "I don't think I—quite understand," he said quietly. "You hardly mean you started out here—"

The other interrupted. "Except for a small cache I was wiped out, lock, stock and barrel, in the last bush fire." He waved his arm vaguely to the south. There was pathos in the gesture.

Glendenning slowly re-seated himself. "By God!" The hard mouth twitched with a suggestion of pity. "That is playing to hard luck!" He commenced tugging at the tie straps of his pack. "These student fire rangers are about as much use as snow-shoes in hell. Here!" He unsnapped the small pail from his belt. "Tote up some water. I'll start a fire." He divined into his pack.

When the other returned he had an Indian fire crackling cheerfully, and was busy stringing a small tent between two saplings. He secured the last guy with a heavy boulder and commenced turning out supplies. Save for occasional vapors hurled at the offending flies the coarse meal was eaten in silence, and the few tins washed. They sat down to smoke.

For an interval neither man spoke. The soft carmine tints had faded to gloom. The crackling fire threw weird, fantastic shadows on the sloping roof of the tent. A gentle evening breeze whispered softly amid the balsam and lofty pines, carrying with it a touch of chill. The perpetual whine of mosquitoes had given place to the sharp whine of an occasional fender. The low hum of the black flies had ceased. Night had driven them from the field.

Glendenning uttered a grunt of satisfaction. "Evidently the little devils are not going to work night shift tonight," he muttered into the bowl of his spluttering pipe. "They'll be on the job bright and early in the morning though, and bring their allies with them." He turned abruptly to the silent man beside him. "They've chewed you up pretty badly," he observed.

Canfield caressed his swollen face with trembling fingers. "They've driven me nearly mad," he muttered hoarsely. "I was a fool, like the rest, and laughed at the idea of mere flies driving a grown man from the bush. I'm cured." His mouth set grimly. "If people could only realize that a man can't rest for a moment day or night; that the little fiends allow him to neither sleep nor eat nor work. God alone knows when I last slept." A slight whimper of weariness, of heartickness, stole into his voice. "I seem saturated with their poison. My head reels all day and at night a delirium of fever seizes me. I am almost afraid of myself then." He looked away from the steady eyes before him and dropped his head in shame. "Oh, I know I'm squealing. The pride seems to be all sucked out of me."

There ensued an awkward silence. Overhead, the celestial vault became studded with pinpoints of twinkling light. The fluctuating roll of the distant rapids had become a prolonged, resonant roar. The last traces of twilight had faded. Then descended the thick mantle of darkness, enfolding the bush in the deepest night, the night in the wilderness—ghostly, black, impenetrable. Flitting silently through the foliage, the blue-green flash of the fire-fly entered in feeble competition with the leaping flames of the fire. High overhead the gamut old sentries of the wilderness gracefully bowed their heads one to another, whispering century-old secrets. A tottering ramble, creaking dismally in the breeze, warned his comrades that his race was run; that he was the plaything of the winds, soon to fall prone and lifeless, the prey of the greenwood.

Moved by a common impulse, the eyes of the two men met. Glendenning spoke with sharp abruptness:

"Take my advice: it's good. Check this. Some men are born for this country. You aren't. I love this great country. You don't. Make good some other way." Canfield opened

his lips in protest. "Wait! What chance have you—utterly ignorant of woodcraft, of mineralogy, of formation—when experts are failing every day. There are twenty-five thousand men in these regions. About twenty-five make good. The chance is one in a thousand. Try poker; your chances are hundreds of times better. You're full of fly poison. These little devils will get you yet. Once they down you—and, mark my word, they will—they'll drain your last drop of blood. That's straight! If you had seen what I have—" He shrugged his shoulders. "I've warned you," he concluded shortly.

Canfield had risen to his feet, gazing intently into the fire as though searching for an answer. The engineer sucked noisily at his pipe, swore under his breath as he spat out the noisome refuse and commenced to refill it. Canfield watched him pick a live ember from the fire, juggle it dexterously to his pipe and drop it in the bowl. He puffed several times and flipped the ember back into the fire. To Canfield the act symbolized the difference between them. He turned from the fire, his face working convulsively.

"You want to get me out of the way—to leave a clear field for yourself!" He gesticulated violently. "It won't work! In spite of flies and all damnation, I'll win her yet! . . . He stopped with a low hissing intake of breath. The other man's eyes glittered ominously. Very deliberately he removed his pipe and stood up.

"You have made several distinct references in feminine pronouns," he said calmly. "I do not pretend to misunderstand you; but if only for the sake of our self-respect I should recommend that we refrain from becoming more personal. You have deliberately misconstrued my motives. You have insulted me in the most deliberate manner. I have done my best to dissuade you from self-destruction without giving you pain. I could leave you to struggle on in a losing fight. I have endeavored to swing you to a

sensible frame of mind without being brutal. Had you a fighting chance I should keep my mouth shut. You haven't. Ordinary humanity has forced my hand. I've won out!" He deliberately turned his back.

Canfield swayed unsteadily, his hands working painfully, his fly-bitten, tortured face twitching convulsively.

"You're—you're lying!" he muttered thickly. "It can't be. She promised—"

Glendenning cut in. "I've won out in the only thing on God's green earth that she loves," he snapped. "I have made a strike that will knock all Cobalt dizzy."

His companion stood motionless, rigid. His thin lips were drawn back in a snarl. He turned slowly, his breath coming in painful little gasps.

"You're lying," he replied mechanically. His mouth worked in an effort to say more, but failed. Glendenning drooped one hand to his pocket.

"You have twice used a word that is a fighting term up here," he said quietly. "If my word is not sufficient—" He withdrew his hand, and held a piece of sock on the extended palm. "That is a specimen," he concluded.

In the red glow of the camp-fire the other's eyes glittered wolfishly. With feverish eagerness his hand shot out and seized the oar. By the first light he glared at it with red, blood-shot eyes. His fingers trembled; he could hardly hold the specimen. Once it slipped from his shaking hands. He uttered a despairing cry and snatched it wildly ere it reached the ground. He caressed it softly with his fingers, mumbling incoherently to himself. It was a rather disgusting scene.

"Silver!" he muttered hoarsely; "leaf silver!" He tore his eyes from it. Through the heavy stubble, through the painful swellings, the sunburnt raw flesh, his face was convulsed with passion—the lust of treasure. "Where—where—?" Twice his lips formed the forbidden question that his tongue could only mumble. His gaze devoured the piece of rock.

Glendenning regarded him in silence. Among many such scenes, this was the worst display of the passion he had encountered. Reluctantly, he touched the other on the shoulder. Canfield uttered a low cry and threw a look of terror over his shoulder as he hugged the mineral to his breast. Glendenning shrugged his shoulders.

"You forced my hand, Canfield. The game is finished—the stake's mine. Try poker; your chances are better. That's right!"

Canfield gave forth a peculiar utterance, between a sigh and a moan. With a tremendous effort he drew himself together.

"The luck's yours," he said wearily. His shaking fingers held out the rock. "It must go five thousand ounces," he ended desolately.

The engineer nodded absently. "I'm on my way now to stake it properly. It's only a few miles from here. Then I'll have to hit the trail for Elk City to record. I'll strike north through the bush to the portage. There should be a canoe of mine at the fire ranger's cabin. It will take a good deal longer, but it's easier going, and—" for the life of him he could not resist a little sigh of content. "Well, my hustling days are about over."

His face set and drawn, Canfield watched the last feeble efforts of the fire. The ruddy glow reflected in the brooding eyes, smoldering restlessly in the hard countenance. Forgotten were the thousand little throbbing pulses; forgotten the aching limbs, the raw, unprotected face so cruelly scorched by the sun. His mind traveled back through the weeks of struggle and anguish in the bush; through the months of striving and heart-sickness in the seething city; aye, through the years of grind in the university and law school. In the warm glow of the burning embers a picture of the ultimate prize, slowly resolved itself; and in the background ever stood the same towering figure—the man who won out. His teeth clenched savagely. The picture faded. Other thoughts crept in; thoughts he endeavored to

push aside, but which would not be ignored. The smoldering gaze slowly gave place to a steady glitter, reflecting the red embers in a peculiarly ominous glow. Faithful windows of the soul, they alone betrayed the insidious thoughts that danced through his throbbing head. With a new alertness he watched his companion gazing moodily into the fire. A burnt ember snapped. Both men started and looked up, but their eyes did not meet. One felt meanly shame for his success; the other feared the story his eyes might tell.

Far in the bush there rose a low wailing cry, swelling to a shrill scream, and then dying away in a low plaintive moan as the cry of an infant in the night. Canfield shivered.

"Lynx?" Glendenning laughed softly. "Woe to him who, ere moon-up, hears the cat scream!"

The solemn Indian here brought gruesome shudders to the brooding man. His companion strode to the tent.

"I'm going to turn in. You'll have to share my blankets," he called as he vanished into the tent.

Canfield heard nothing. Long ere the last ember fell away to dust he crunched over the dead ashes thinking . . . thinking . . .

For perhaps ten heart-beats Canfield stood gazing in fascinated awe. The gaping fissure zig-zagged far up the face of the cliff, the open jaws packed with calcite and apatite, studded and entwined with tiny little threads of white metal. With a peculiar little strangled cry he pitched forward on all fours, clanking and snatching at the vein matter, breaking the long unkept finger-nails and cruelly lacerating the tapering fingers in a mad effort to tear away the beautiful cleavage. He uttered a savage oath, snatched the light axe from his belt and hacked furiously with the pick-end, smashing the soft calcite to atoms and scattering the small cubic blocks in white showers about him. A larger piece broke away. He dropped the axe and seized the piece of ore with

both hands, his whole frame trembling with nervous excitement.

"Native silver!" he mumbled huskily. He gazed intently up the long fissure. "And tons and tons of vein matter in sight—and thousands and thousands under blanket." He gazed fearfully about him. "And it's mine!" he whispered hoarsely, "all mine!"

His blood-shot eyes caught sight of Glendenning's discovery post planted in a little pyramid of rocks. He muttered horrible little mindless chuckles as he read off the blue hieroglyphics of the other man on the face. In a nervous frenzy he attacked the stake with his axe, clumsily shaving off the kiel marks. His face distorted with beastly exultation, he scrawled his own name and data on the fresh wood and sank down exhausted.

He was a terrible and pitiful sight. Perspiration poured down his face, perspiration not all due to physical effort, mingled with fresh blood, and ran in scarlet rivulets over the blood-smeard face, only to coagulate and form fresh channels for the ever-flowing blood. He had followed the fresh blazes of the other man's new trail and he had jumped his claim. He had identified himself with the most abhorred type of individual in the North Country—the claim-jumper. The rough trail had torn his bush clothes to ribbons, filthy rags streaked with grease and blackened with charcoal from his passage through the burnt country. He sat crouched upon the ground, a strangely liddled heap, his arms hugging his knees and glaring with wild blood-shot eyes at the partially-uncovered wealth of nature.

"The fool!" he muttered hoarsely. "He might as well have staked and recorded it for me," he laughed sneeringly. "Told me all his plans and then blazed a trail right into his treasure. And he crowed over me, jeered at me, taunted me for my defeat. Defeat!" He broke into a hysterical laugh. Other thoughts commenced to seel in his sluggish brain; thoughts he tried desperately to ignore, but

would not be ignored. His brow picked in a frown. He mumbled aloud; strange incoherent protests that combated an argument of some unseen second person, his better self. Forgotten was the night before when the man he would rob had shared his blankets with him. Forgotten the little parcel of supplies left under the rock to tide him over till he reached civilization; the generous stake that had been offered him to put him on his feet again. Forgotten was all save the land, waving white streak up the side of the cliff.

"He could afford to be generous," he snarled aloud as the disturbing twinges of conscience began to pinch. "He almost dared me; threw the temptation right under my nose. And he's going back by Purgatory Portage and a head wind on Lady Evelyn!" He laughed mirthlessly. "And I'll go back as I came and have half a day to the good. Hastling days over, eh?" Again the mirthless chuckle. "No need to hurry. Ah, well, all's fair in—!" He checked himself, and a grim smile swept his distorted features as he recollected Glendenning's reference to pistachios.

He leaped to his feet. "Now to beat him to the recorder's." He shivered uneasily at the thought. "Everything is O.K. The other four stakes are altered. Now to hit the trail."

His swollen half-closed eyes roamed about him, first carelessly, then more attentively, and finally with a trace of panic. He leaned weakly against the propped-up discovery post. It tottered under his weight and slowly fell over on the pile of rocks. A little shudder of apprehension shook the claim-jumper. Could the fallen post be significant? Was he to fall after all? He looked about uneasily. All directions were alike. Gaze where he might, not a single blaze met his wildly-staring eyes. He unconsciously searched for the sun, but the blue haze of distant forest fires obscured the valuable guide. He sat down limply, his throbbing head between his hands. "Now hold on, son," he muttered

aloud, "there is no need to get panicky. You're bashed, but there is nothing to get scared about. One of the trunk trails is only three miles away. Now just keep your head and you're all right."

He sat thinking. He tried to orient himself. He drew the relative positions of the main trail and his present location on the ground with a stick. Somehow, his brain was sluggish. He could not recollect whether he had traveled north, south or east. He knew that it was not west, for he remembered they had plunged into the bush away from the sunset of the night before. Since then they might have gone in any direction. Gradually the peattering hum affected his nerves. He lost his temper and struck savagely at the swarming insects; struck wildly, fruitlessly and with the knowledge that it was useless. He jammed his axe into his belt and stood up. All other thoughts had given place to the one all-important problem—how to get out. He snatched out his pocket compass. For a long time he stared down at the jumping needle. Twice he made false starts and returned, gazing down at the needle in bewilderment.

"It's no good," he groaned, "and they told me it was the best on the market. Well, I wouldn't know what direction to start, anyway." His hopeless eyes again turned to the compass. The needle was spinning and bobbing here and there in a most bewildering manner. In a fury of rage he dashed the delicate instrument to the earth, ground it to scrap metal beneath his heavy heel, jumped and stamped it into the soft turf, a torrent of vicious blasphemy pouring from his lips. In his frenzy the axe fell from his belt. For a long time he stared down at the rusty blade in stupid wonder; then burst into hoarse, ironical laugh of derision. No wonder the needle had acted up with an axe-head within a foot of it!

In spite of the grey-white threads of treasure winding up the cliff, a dull

despair seized him. Again the thousand little pulses throbbled, the monotonous whine, the trickling blood became more and more in evidence. He sank down on the fallen tree to think. He searched through his pockets for matches. He would make a smudge and get the slight temporary relief while smothering in the smoke. A horrified panic crept over him as he turned out pocket after pocket in vain search. In his mad plunge for wealth he had come away without the bush-man's first necessity. The noon was far away, yet a sudden terror gripped him at the fear of the coming night without the protection of a smudge. He examined the mutilated compass and shook his head in despair.

"I'll start into the wind," he muttered. "It won't be hard to keep in a straight line if I'm careful. I must strike a trail sooner or later. I wonder if that beast Glendenning blazed only one side of the trees in order to trap me."

He forgot the hills and valleys and waterways that deflected the wind in a hundred different directions. In his mad fear of a night in the bush he partially forgot the possible loss of the claim he had jumped. He cast one uneasy glance about him and then plunged blindly into the bush.

Glendenning was in a bad humor as he beached his canoe and struggled up the trail to the point where he had camped with Casfield two days before. The recorder had insisted on a more detailed map of the claim, and Glendenning had traveled back some thirty miles to make it.

He stared in mild surprise when he saw the little heap of supplies under the ledge of rock.

"Why, the concentrated jackass forgot his chuck!" he growled. He stared about with a puzzled frown. His roving eye caught hobnail foot-prints on the soft turf just off the trail. Glendenning never wore hobnails. He uttered a little startled gasp of astonishment. "I wonder," he muttered,

"if that poor deluded fool trailed me in with an idea of jumping my claim! Well, those blazes were all on this side, and if he got in he'll never in all God's green world get out by himself," he concluded grimly.

It was near sundown when Glendenning found him. He was crouching over the huge fissure, alternating childish prattle with foulest blasphemy. He was quite delirious and a fearful sight. Through the huge rents in his clothes the lacerated flesh was only concealed by the coagulated blood. In and out among the ragged tatters there crawled and whined innumerable pests of the North Country. His ragged garments were grey with them. They crawled through his hair, clung to his stubby beard, gored and glistened themselves with his life fluid. His face was swollen past all possibility of recognition. Both eyes were completely closed. His ears had become flush with his cheeks. Destiny had carried him all one day in a huge circle till he had crossed Glendenning's blazed trail. He did not recognize it and had uttered a scream of relief as he tore madly down the line of blazes, only to be carried back to that mocking fissure whose very jaws seemed to leer at him, and there to fall down unconscious with fatigue and despair; to suffer torture and maybe to die beside the treasure, his covetousness for which had brought him to this.

An hour later, seated before the gigantic smudge, Glendenning stared down at the delirious man. He heard his ravings and blasphemy with cold cynical eyes. It is hard to forgive a claim-jumper. He heard him curse and rant against the woman whose smile had sent them both out into the wilderness. He heard his ravings against himself. He smiled grimly as the torrent of accusations poured from the cracked and distorted lips. He accused his rescuer of leading him into

the bush by a blind trail so that he would die and leave a clear field. He heard him go back to childhood and prattle and sob to his mother. The hard glint in Glendenning's eyes softened and he sighed. Time and again the delirious man beat wildly about his head at imaginary flies, choking and spluttering with the smoke, cracking open the sores about his lips and would fall groaning to the earth.

The smudge crackled into a blaze and Glendenning made no effort to smother it. He knew from the chill in the air that the pests would soon crawl to cover. As the flames leaped higher and higher, the man who had won out stared with unseeing eyes into the flames.

"Only beauty," he muttered thoughtfully. "No heart, no soul, nothing but beauty. The price she demands is too heavy." He regarded the softly-muttering man with dull eyes. "Yes, too heavy!" he repeated. "A woman's greed would bring a straight, hard-working man to this. Poor Canfield!"

He took a small case from the bosom of his shirt, extracted a small card from it and gazed pensively down at it.

"A beautiful ornament for the home," he murmured bitterly, "but the price would be too high." He did not mean dollars and cents.

Very deliberately he shoved the miniature within the flames till one corner charred and ignited. Just as deliberately he applied it to the bowl of his pipe, drew a long inhalation and puffed the smoke into space. The charred embers from the miniature waved on top of the bowl and floated gently away. The man smiled painfully.

"Smoke," he murmured reflectively. "All smoke—and ashes."



A CHARMING NORTHERN LANDSCAPE
SUNSET AND SHADOWS AT THE PEACE RIVER (CANADA)

Out-of-Doors on the Peace River

By

Aubrey Fullerton

THERE are all the qualities of a happy hunting-ground in the Peace River country. It is roomy, full of life, and generously marked with beauty, and it has, over all, that quiet spell that is characteristic of outdoor life in the north. Things are spread out on a wide scale. It is a country of far-flung spaces and of many surprises, and the man who has gone will go again, if he can make it out. Many more men are going now than a year or two ago, and we shall presently be hearing of excursion rates to the Peace River, of holiday camps and hunting parties, and, it may be, of even up-north summer cottages.

It used to be that the region beyond Edmonton was spoken of as the barren north, but the barren strip has

been shoved away back to the farther north and the farther interior, and that vast stretch of country along the Peace, Athabasca, and a part of the Mackenzie is now known to be a region of natural riches as far removed as may be from barrenness—which means that it is a great country, not only to farm in, but to have a good time in.

Three things make it what it is: rich soil, long daylight, bright sun; and because of these triple conditions all plant life grows thriftily. Because plant life thrives animal life is abundant, and so the same conditions that make it a great farming country make it a sportsman's paradise. If you would see an outdoor world gay with wild flowers and wild grasses, backed by big trees and edged with shrub-

berry, habited by the furry and feathery fellows that the nature-books tell us about: go to the Peace River and beyond.

Nearly all the rivers and lakes of this northern country are bordered on either side by tracts of heavily timbered land, growing poplar, spruce, alder, willow, jackpine and tamarac. The Athabasca's banks are covered from its source in the Rockies to Fort McMurray with aspen and spruce, in places extending for miles from the river. The Peace River is also wooded, its spruce sometimes attaining a size that rivals the largest in British Columbia. Forest edges off to a bush-land, and beyond the bush are the grass-covered, flower-strewn prairies, where redbud grass grows to four feet and wild roses are recklessly gay. At Fort Vermilion, six hundred miles north of Edmonton, cattle and horses winter outside, with this native grass as fodder, and are not a whit the worse. Where grass and flowers luxuriate, it may be expected that berries will thrive, and indeed the northern plains would yield big profits if their

berry harvest could be marketed. To these several facts add that also of abundant water, and you have the reasons why the north is favorable to animal life.

Over the plains, through the woods, up and down the rivers, hither and thither as they please in a country that till now has been all their own, roams an assortment of wild folk that would have pretty nearly satisfied Noah himself. They are such as these: ermine, bear, wolf, beaver, red and silver fox, otter, lynx, fisher, marten, mink, rabbit, moose, caribou, buffalo. Three only, the buffalo, the elk, and the beaver, are on the restricted list; and of the others many thousands are trapped each year for their skins' sake. Great sport is this.

There's method in it and the zest that comes from a knowledge that one's living depends upon it; for the furry folk of the northern woods are food, raiment, and pay-roll for the Indian trappers and money-makers for the trader. Year after year, for generations, the hunting has gone on, and every year a million's worth of furs



TRACKING UP THE ATHABASCA RIVER

has been taken out of the north, of which the Peace River country has furnished a substantial part. Perhaps hunting as a business ceases to be sport, but, if one chooses, he may hunt for the sheer fun of it, and nowhere is there better opportunity than here.

Two animals there are which one might cover the whole Peace River country without seeing. The bear is unreliable. He will sometimes show up to the visiting hunter in lots of from five to twenty in two days, and sometimes one may go for two hundred miles and see never a bear. But he is there, all the same. He fattens on trout and the wild pea-vine in spring, and in summer on the saskatoon berries, wild cherries, strawberries and willow-berries. If this diet should fail at any time there are rabbits for him, though not so easily gotten. Much more rarely seen than the bear, however, is the buffalo. There is known to be a herd of five hundred bison or thereabout in the northern part of the district, but many a Peace River pioneer has never seen more of them than their tracks. The Alberta Legislature is considering means to

preserve these northern buffalo, which are the only ones in America in their natural freedom. For fear of the mounted police, the Indians, to their credit be it said, leave them alone.

Of bird life in the north there is no lack. The prairie chicken, which is becoming something of a rarity on the plains of the south, is still numerous in the Peace River country and may be bagged at will. Wild ducks are in millions, it would seem. Geese and swans, however, go further north, apparently preferring the solitudes of the Great Slave and other remoter lakes for their nesting-places. Sixty years ago one of the missionary priests in northern Saskatchewan told how he had learned to fatten on the eggs of the wild fowl whose nests covered the shores of hidden lakes.

Beasts of the field and birds of the air there be, by the many thousand; and fishes of the water, too. The man with the rod will find sport much to his liking in these rivers and lakes of the Northland. Trout and whitefish of the solid tasty kind that only cold northern water can produce will give a meal that lacks nothing of campers'



A STOP ON THE WAY NORTH



VERMI JON FALLS
TURBULENT WATER-CURSE OF THE PEACE RIVER



NORTHERN TRANSPORTATION
SS. Wm. A. Smith "PEACE RIVER" OF PEACE RIVER

comfort. They are good, large-grown fish, and lots of them. On Lesser Slave Lake the whitefish catch is becoming a promising industry. The fishery begins with the formation of ice about the last of September and is continued through the winter, the fish being caught through the ice and shipped by trail to Edmonton. When the railroad gets in, this fishing industry, with thus improved facilities for shipment, will assume considerable proportions.

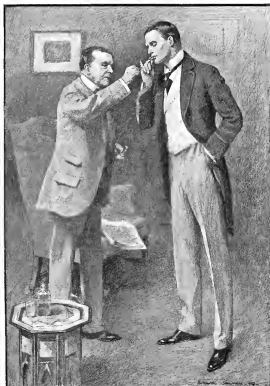
The man who would see the Peace River with gun and rod will thus have abundant entertainment. If he finds fun in that kind of thing he will find it here to his fill. But if he prefers just seeing to shooting he will be none the less entertained and perhaps will have fewer chances of disappointment. Ernest Thompson Seton went north two years ago on that kind of a trip and achieved, it will be remembered, some gunless triumphs.

But if one is neither an ardent game-shooter nor an ardent nature-student, there is still a world of sport for him in the Northland. Just to travel through it, to breathe and taste its peculiar charm, to live awhile in the midst of things out-of-the-common is rare delight. A trip on the Peace River, for instance, is a travel-treat unequalled in all Canada. The vastness of everything about one is, to begin with, an influence that inevitably makes itself felt, weighing down upon one with a sense of awe that thrills or kills one's nerves according to the kind of man he is. The silence over all, the clearness of the air, and the brightness of the sunlight are of a piece with it. One cannot forget that this is the land of wonders, where things are different from elsewhere even when they seem the same. The Peace River has scenic charm, too. It

is a great and noble river, flowing through a great and wonderful country. In June and July it floods, and several feet of its tree-clad banks are then under water. All through the summer the river, thus swollen, and winding its snaky way through a wide gorge-like trough for six hundred miles is the color of clay, but in the autumn the water recedes and turns silvery clear. September on the Peace River is Nature put into poetry. The shores are in colors of shaded red and gold, with the green of the spruce in the background—such scenery as one sees on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, but more of it and more grandly riotous. In the halo of sunset and the long after-glow of the north the Peace River beauty is quite enough to justify a traveler's raptures.

And further fun may be counted on if one goes on a canoeing trip up the Peace, with time to see things and an inclination to do some exploring along the streams and lakes that lead off from the Peace. The traders hurry up and down, for their season is short; the Indian trappers roam to and fro on a quest that never ends; but the sightseeing sportsman learns the worth of the north by dipping leisurely into the River of Delights, by bivouacking in the bush, and by tasting what manner of thing this mysterious north-spirit is. Even to the hurried, busy traveler, may even to the man who reads about it, the north is a land of many charms, but to such a sportsman as this it is the place where beauty, glory, and romance dwell. None of which is inconsistent with the fact that a great industrial future is awaiting the Peace River country. It is just because it is the Land of the Great Outdoors, with opportunities made by Nature, that things are going to be done there presently.

THERE are two unpardonable sins in the world—success and failure. Those who succeed can't forgive a fellow for being a failure, and those who fail can't forgive him for being a success.—George Horace Lorimer.



"I HELD THE MATCH FOR HIM"

Celia's Bid For Freedom

The Story of a Peacemaker and His Reward

By Kable Howard

THIS adventure opens with two calls on the telephone. (I had retired, you see, to my quarters in town.)

The first speaker was Celia.

"Is that you?" she said.

Her voice, I must ask you to note, was just the same as usual—cool, quiet, perfectly balanced.

"Hallo-ullo-ullo!" My tone indicated pleased surprise. "What in the world are you doing in town?"

"I've come up for good."

"For good? D'you mean that you've given up your little house?"

"Oh, no. I've been kicked out."

"Does't be silly."

"I'm perfectly serious."

"But I don't understand. Who kicked you out?"

"Austin, of course."

"Rubbish! I don't believe a word of it!"

"Thank you. It's true, all the same. By the way, in case you want to take me out to dinner or the theatre or anything, I'm staying for the present with Dolly."

"Dolly who?"

"Dolly Hadow, my great chum, you know. I've often talked to you about her."

"But I thought you didn't much—"

"Yes; it is sweet of her to have me, isn't it?"

I understood, then, that Dolly was in the room.

"Well, but this is a terrible business. You've absolutely stunned me."

"Poor dear! You'll soon get accustomed to the idea. In case you want to ring me up, you might take down this number."

I took it down.

"I mean to have a jolly good time, you know. By the way, if you see Austin, you haven't heard anything, of course."

"All right. But I do wish—"

Celia rang off.

An hour later, whilst I was still pacing my room, trying to make out what these young people had been at to get themselves into such a tangle, the telephone bell went again. This time it was Austin. His voice, I must ask you to note, was shaky, almost trembling. From his tone, too, I could tell that he was badly in need of a friend.

"Is that you, old chap?"

"Hallo-ullo-ullo!" The pleased surprise sounded a little forced, but I had given my promise to Celia.

"Would it be disturbing you if I came round for half an hour?"

"Not a bit. Come along, by all means. Where are you speaking from?"

"From a call-office in the Strand."

"Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"I'm afraid there is. In fact, I'm in great trouble. I hardly know what I'm saying."

"I'm awfully sorry! Come round and—"

"It's about Celia." The poor fellow was evidently too overcome to keep the news to himself any longer. "She's bolted."

"What?"

"She's bolted."

"Who has?"

"Celia."

"Rubbish!"

"It's quite true. I'm most awfully cut up. I'll come round at once—may I?"

"Do; by all means."

This was an entirely new aspect of the matter. There is all the difference in the world between bolting and being kicked out. I could see that, if I was to be of any service to my young friends, I must proceed very warily.

My sympathies went out to Austin directly I set eyes on him. (I had not seen Celia, remember.) He was pale, and twitchy, and suspiciously puffy about the eyes. I am not trying to be funny when I say that. There is nothing funny about the tears of a man. You have to be a man to understand that in the fullest sense.

"Have a drink?" I said.

"No, thanks; I'll have a cigarette, if I may."

I held the match for him.

"Well," he said, walking up and down, and trying to speak without emotion, "this is a bit of a knock, isn't it?"

"Tell me exactly what it all means, and how it happened. You know where she is, I suppose?"

"Yes. At least, I know where she said she was going."

"Then," I said, rather sternly, "that's where she'll be." Genuine concern was all very well, but I did not want any play-acting.

"Of course, old chap; I know that. She's staying with a great friend of hers—Mrs. Harlow. They have rather a nice house in South Kensington."

"Then you needn't be uneasy about her."

"I am, all the same. I'm afraid she'll go rushing about to theatres and fancies and things, and knock herself up. She's not a bit strong really, you know."

There was a little pause. I am not an inquisitive person, but I was naturally anxious to hear the reason for this sudden split.

"This has been coming on for some time," said Austin, presently.

"Has it? I hadn't noticed anything. I always thought you were both so happy."

"Ideas," he replied, bitterly. "That's the trouble. They get ideas, you know. Want to expand their horizon, and all that sort of thing. Celia's been talking about expanding her horizon for the last three months. She's had things on her mind, too, about the position of women."

"No?"

"Fact! Says the old days of feminine slavery are over. I reminded her that we kept a cook and two maids, and had no children at present—and then she flew into a rage—said I was an ignorant Philistine, and couldn't appreciate the finer feelings of women."

"Was this to-day?"

"Oh, no; about two months ago. But it's been going on in a desultory sort of way ever since."

"I expect she wanted a little change."

"Yes; I said that, but it only seemed to make her angrier than ever—not noisy anger, you know, but the quiet, icy kind—much harder to bear."

He shivered.

"Well?"

"That was at lunch to-day. So then I got a bit ratty myself."

"Only a bit?"

"A goodish bit. I suggested that perhaps she would like a thorough change. I believe I used the word 'permanent.' Anyway, before I knew what was happening, she was upstairs shoving some things into a bag. In

less than half an hour she was out of the house. Now you know as much about it as I do, and you can give me your advice. I don't often ask for advice, as you know, but this time I'm in real need of it. Shall I—shall I go to her and ask her to come back?"

"This," I said, cautiously, "is between ourselves, of course?"

"Certainly. I don't want her to have the slightest suspicion that I've seen you or told you anything."

"Right. I quite understand. Well, if I were in your place, I should certainly not ask her to come back."

"You wouldn't?"

"No. The game for you to play is dignified indifference masking a stricken heart."

"You think so?"

"That's my advice. Don't act on it unless you feel yourself that it's right."

"I do. Thanks, very much." The color returned to his cheeks; he began to look self-possessed again. "That's a charming little water-color you have there."

"Yes; it was given to me by the artist. I prize it very highly."

"Ripping. And what would you do about letters?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, for instance, I generally sign myself, when I write to her, 'Your own loving old Snaffles.' Would you drop that for the time being?"

This was a delicate point.

"You might make a compromise, I should think. You don't want to be stand-offish; at the same time it would scarcely be diplomatic to show as much affection as ever."

"That's true. She'd no business to clear out like that at a moment's notice."

"I quite agree with you."

"And yet the place is simply unbearable without her."

"What do you say to 'Yours, Snaffles'?"

"Ye—es. Or how would 'Your loving Snaffles' do?"

"The only question is, are you, strictly speaking, hers?"

"You mean that I should be mak-

ing myself cheap to call myself hers if she didn't want me?"

"Precisely."

"I should like to get in something about 'loving,' because I am, you know."

"Yes, yes. Then I suggest 'Lovingly,' simply."

"Without the 'Snaffles'?"

"Oh, no. Keep in the 'Snaffles.'"

"Good." He held out his hand.

"I'm most frightfully obliged to you, old chap. This little talk has made me feel a different man."

"Good luck! It'll all come right."

"Think so?"

"I'm sure of it."

He went down the stairs whistling.

II.

I did not ring up Celia. I was tempted to do so, of course, and I knew that she was reckoning on that. In justice to Austin, I must give her time to tire of freedom and Mrs. Harlow. A week, I calculated, would do it.

I was three days out. Four days did it. On the evening of the fourth day, I was called up myself by Mrs. Harlow.

"Are you very busy this evening?"

"Not particularly. Why?"

"Poor Celia's in bed with a severe chill, and I think she would like to see you."

"Did she ask you to telephone to me?"

"N—no."

"Then I shan't come."

"Well, what I mean to say is, she didn't ask me to in so many words, but I rather gathered that she would be very pleased to see you if you did come. Besides, I think it would do her good."

"All right. I'll come along about nine o'clock."

Celia makes a very successful invalid. She was wearing a pretty dressing-jacket, and her hair was strewn in studied unstudied profusion about the pillow. A mauve canopy—Mrs. Harlow dabbles in art. I believe—screened her from the light. There

were flowers on the little table at the bedside, and one or two fancifully bound books. Not a sign, be very sure, of medicine bottles or such.

Her eyes were closed when I entered. She opened them slowly, and her lips parted in a faint little smile.

"Hullo!" I said, breezily.

"It was good of you to come."

One white hand, not in the least wasted, lay on the eider-down. I ignored it.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Bit seedy?"

Again the sweet, slow smile of patient suffering—this time with a dash of forgiveness in it.

"Don't bother about me," she murmured, weakly. "Tell me about yourself. What have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"Working, eating and drinking, sleeping. What have you been doing?"

"You're not very communicative, are you?"

"Because I've nothing to tell."

"Which means that you won't tell it. Ah, well! I admire you for your wisdom."

She closed her eyes again. I felt that if my visit was to be of any use, the conversation must be bucked up.

"Heard from Austin?" I asked.

Celia shuddered.

"How brutal men are!" she whispered.

Her eyes were still shut. It was not very lively. I determined to make her open them.

"Not at all. I thought he might have written to you with regard to the deed of separation."

Up went the lids like a pair of spring blinds.

"What d'you mean? What deed of separation?"

"Didn't you know?"

"Know what?" Her voice strengthened. I was doing her good already. "I wish you wouldn't sit there trying to look secretive."

"Didn't you know that a deed of separation would be necessary?"

"He can have one if he wants one."

A pause. "Does he want one?"

"He didn't say anything to me about it."

The color came into her cheeks. A little more of this and she would be quite radiant.

"You've seen him, then?"

"Oh, yes, I've seen him."

"Since I—since I telephoned you?"

"Yes; I saw him the same day."

"Oh!" And then, casually: "I suppose he posed as a very much injured person?"

"I don't think so. At any rate, I didn't notice it."

"Perhaps"—with sudden heat—"you had a good laugh together about the whole thing? Perhaps he made a joke of it, and you both agreed that I was a silly little idiot? All right! You shall see."

"As a matter of fact, we didn't mention the matter."

"What?" She was surprised into showing her surprise.

"We didn't touch on the matter."

"D'you mean to say that my name never once came into the conversation?"

"Let me see. Oh, yes. I asked him if you were quite well, and he said that you were."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; you told me that I wasn't to know anything, you know."

Celia was silent for a minute or two. I could see that she was turning this aspect of the case over and over in her mind.

"Anyhow," she said, presently, "he's written me some pretty long letters."

"Bidding you, no doubt, to return."

"Not in so many words, but one can read between the lines."

I wanted very much to ask her how the letters were signed, but that would have been indiscreet—not to say impertinent. Celia, in the meantime, must have been thinking out a new plan of campaign. At any rate, she suddenly stretched out her hand, and asked me, in a coaxing, plaintive tone, why I was so unkind to her all at once.



"YOU'RE A PUCKY OLD THING," SAID CELIA, "MIND YOU DON'T MISS YOUR TRAIN"

"I'm not," I said firmly.

"Yes, you are. Why do you do it when you know you're the only real friend I have in the world?"

I reminded her that there was always Mrs. Hadow.

"I don't count women-friends. They're very nice, but no good in an emergency."

"How about Austin?"

"We'll keep his name out of the discussion, if you please."

"Just as you like."

"Now you're being cold and horrid again. Why is it? Are you so absolutely disgusted with me?"

"I've no reason to be disgusted with you," I said this with just the slightest possible stress on the "I've."

"Your tone implies that somebody else has."

Silence.

"It's just like a man to judge a woman without hearing her side of the case. Do you suppose that I should have taken such an awful step as this unless I had a very good reason?"

"I don't see that it's so very awful."

"Not awful to—do break up one's whole life?"

"You haven't broken it up."

"I've left my husband."

"To pay a visit to your old friend, Mrs. Hadow."

"It's the first time we've been separated since our marriage."

"I hope it won't be the last."

"I hate cynicism."

"So do I. Don't confuse it, though, with common sense. May I say something to you?"

Celia had been fingering the canopy. She now drew it across her a little, so that her face was hidden.

"What is it?"

"I don't think you ever loved him so much in your life as you do at this moment."

The canopy twitched a little, but there was no other answer.

"Isn't that true?" I insisted brutally.

"It isn't the point."

"It seems to me to be the whole point."

"It would—to you. To me, it's only half the point."

"Tick-tack, tick-tick, tick-tick. Celia's little watch, tremendously busy, had everything its own way for at least two minutes. "You folks can waste your time, if you like," it seemed to be saying. "For my part, I must get along with my job. Tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick." Then I palled myself together and plunged.

"Have you ever seen a man cry, Celia?"

She peeped at me, startled, round the edge of the canopy.

"No; I don't think so. Why?"

"I'm not speaking of maddening tears—they don't count. I'm speaking of the tears of a normal, clear-headed man, such tears as only the deepest emotion can bring to the surface. I'm glad you've never seen them, especially in the eyes you love best in the world. I think it is a sight that would make you very unhappy. I am quite sure that your pride would not be proof against it, but, for your own sake, I would rather buy your compassion at a lower price."

"Of course, if I thought that I had made him do that—"

"You have made him do that."

"Why do you say that? You've no right to bring such an accusation. Besides, how could you possibly know?"

"The day that he called upon me—the same day that you left him—he had been crying. He pretended that he hadn't, but I know the signs. That's the other half of the point, isn't it?"

No answer. The canopy was perfectly still.

A woman, I suppose, would have left it at that. Being a man, however, and an anxious one, I bungled.

"Isn't it?" I repeated.

Then Celia spoke.

"Please go away," she said.

I made haste to obey. There was a tremendousness in her voice that frightened me.

III.

The next I heard of my young friends was a note from Celia asking me to dine with them. She wrote from the little house.

I went down feeling uncommonly pleased with myself. After all, one had one's purpose in life. I expected that Austin would find an opportunity of taking me aside and gripping me by the hand. He would probably say, "My dear old friend, how can I ever thank you?" To which I should reply, rather brusquely, in order to hide my feelings, "Pshaw! Tut-tut! That was nothing, my dear boy!"

Celia, too, would thank me in her own shy, dainty little way. If she just kissed me without speaking a word, I felt that I should be rewarded a thousandfold.

Dinner passed off quite smoothly. Austin's mother was present; also Celia's father. The attitude of the young couple towards each other was precisely the same as usual. That was quite correct; one would not have expected anything else. I was a little surprised to find, none the less, that their attitude towards me was precisely the same as usual. Doubtless, though, they were awaiting a more favorable opportunity. The parents knew nothing of the temporary estrangement, and it would be unwise to run the risk of arousing their curiosity.

To-Day's Test

There is no hardship ahead of us in life that may not be made easier by our doing the hard thing of to-day with unflinching faithfulness. And every hardship that lies ahead will be the harder to meet by any failure of ours in to-day's test. This day's testing and trial is sure to be severe. It probably seems unfairly so. It may be the hardest we have ever yet known. It is sure to seem dull, and unattractive, and utterly lacking in those elements of picturesqueness or

The evening wore on; the moment of my departure was drawing very near. At last I fairly forced Austin into a quiet corner.

"Well?" I said, with a meaning smile.

"Well what?" said Austin.

"Everything all straight and comfortable again?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand you."

"Why, you and Celia, you know. The last time I saw you—"

"Oh, that?" His face cleared. He nodded carelessly. "These little affairs blow over, quite naturally if you just give them time."

The callous young ruffian! For the thousandth time, I was sure that he did not deserve so sweet a wife as Celia. She, at any rate, would have more to say to me.

"Quite happy?" I whispered. We were alone in the hall. She was seeing me off.

"Quite, thanks." Her tone lacked gratitude. "And you?"

"I shall always be happy so long as I know that you are happy. Especially," I added, tenderly, "when I think that in a very small way, I have been instrumental in restoring your happiness."

"You're a funny old thing," said Celia. "Mind you don't miss your train."

heroism or adventure that seem to mark the achievements of the world's great victors. But that is what makes it hard to the point of being worth while. And here is another reason for taking up its challenge manfully:—"For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not too hard for thee, neither is it far off." How we ought to rejoice that there is something close at hand that is big enough to test us but not big enough to break us!—*Great Thoughts.*

Important Articles of the Month



HATFIELD HOUSE
THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE CECILS

A Critical Appreciation of Lord Hugh Cecil

British journalists possess a facility in character sketching, which is rare on this side of the Atlantic. They can arouse interest in a comparatively little-known person by the very ingenuity of their treatment, whereas an American journalist must perforce deal with a prominent personage before his effort would be read.

A sketch of Lord Hugh Cecil in the *Young Men* may be taken as a case in point. Now, if we omit Lord Hugh's parentage, which is, of course, an important factor, there is really very little on this surface to make a reader curious to know more about him. However, the writer of the sketch, P. Whitwell Wilson, proceeds to his work

so adroitly that one becomes unconsciously interested. Note the opening paragraph.

When Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, returning from South Africa, landed at Southampton, and was there greeted in criticism, not to say, critical silence, by a group of press correspondents, he found the Nonconformists in revolt against Mr. Balfour's Education Bill and things going badly. It is said that a small dinner party was held consisting of Mr. Chamberlain as host, and three Tory members, all of them still young for politics, as guests. The first of the three was Winston Churchill, the second was Colonel Boscawen, the third was Lord Hugh Cecil. To all of them the wonders of Colonial Preference were explained by Mr. Chamberlain, after which they dispersed to meditate. Each

separately came to the conclusion that they could not support the new Protection. One is now Home Secretary in a Liberal Government, another is Under Secretary for the Colonies, with a natural certainty of salary, rank, and, of course, and the third,—the third is still, as he was, Lord Hugh Cecil.

Lord Hugh Cecil is the fifth son of the late Marquis of Salisbury, and he inherited much of his father's ability. On his entrance into Parliament he quite eclipsed his older brother, the present Marquis, and until the advent of another brother, Lord Robert Cecil, he was regarded as the most able member of an able family.

The Cecils are not a rich family, the doctrine of primogeniture leaves little to the younger sons.

And to give the Cecil family its due, this class has held honorably aloof both from the smarter methods of making money and from the smarter methods of spending it. According to the old-fashioned notions of feudalism, the Cecils and the Selbourns and the allied nobility do undisturbedly live up to their lights. They are not snatched every week upon the racecourse. They have not as yet approached the Gaiety Theatre for matrimonial alliances. They adhere in public service, both in their counties and in Parliament. If you are to have an aristocracy at all, this kind of aristocracy is most tolerable—an aristocracy that reads books, goes to church twice on Sunday, makes speeches, argues, thinks, irritates, lives socially, despises display, loves power and authority, is haughty rather than vulgar, proud rather than conceited, dangerous rather than despicable, avoids the prospect of the company promoter, and is content with the modest form of wealth which accrues from rapidly rising ground rents and mineral royalties. This is the breed from which Lord Hugh Cecil sprang. He has all the pride which has at times brought his family into collision with the Court itself, and it is certain that, being a Cecil, he cares for no one and respects but few.

It is just here that we find the touchstone to Lord Hugh Cecil's isolation within the Tory Party. The old wealth, with its sense of responsibility, is confronted by the new wealth, which is distracted week by week in more than one well-printed society journal. The old wealth based its political influence upon what the Cecils have always held to be the conservation of the British people.

Your Chamberlains and Handolph Churchills may make speeches about their social programmes, but these are the volubilities which are played upon every organ before the real warship begins. Get into office and it is your business to remember that what the British people wants is to be let alone, give them pensions, and the very villages where most of the pensions go will vote against you. On the whole you retain most support and you win most support by doing nothing. Apart altogether from the merits of fiscal reform, why the Cecils dislike it is that it transforms Toryism from a policy of conservation to a policy of change. It



LORD HUGH CECIL
Photo: J. Russell & Sons

means that there is always a definite reason why frightened folk should not look into this particular fold.

The Cecil view of statesmanship rejects altogether the idea of a positive policy. They want to keep in power, and they recognize that power depends not upon the number of Acts of Parliament which you put upon the Statute Book, but upon the number of archbishops and bishops, ambassadors, governors, judges, and stipendiary magistrates whom you have the opportunity of appointing. The superiority affected by the Cecils over mere Radicals is matched by the superiority which they also affect over all the more Tory organizations. It is a historical fact that they hate the Birmingham school.

You cannot accuse Lord Hugh of being an idle man. He has written excel-

lent books, delivered excellent speeches, and sent excellent letters to the Times. But he has never had to encounter what I may call the final grind against circumstances. He is unmarried, and this fact may perhaps account for a certain lack of human sympathy—a certain hardness in all that he says and does.

Of the man himself, two or three paragraphs will serve to give a good idea.

Lord Hugh Cecil does not give the appearance of strong physique. He has the large bones of his tribe—or rather I should say the long bones, for that would be more accurate—but there is little flesh upon them. The specialist on nerves would tell you at once that is the anæmic notion of his hands, a curious and uncontrollable habit of interjecting observations when he does not agree with the argument which is proceeding in the House, and in many other characteristic mannerisms, he betrays a highly-strung temperament, which is seldom held in leash.

When he speaks he looks that sense of repose which is necessary to the highest orator. He is the exact reverse in this respect of Sir Edward Grey, who addresses the House of Commons as if it were a Quaker meeting, and with the absolute calm of a man who has nothing either to gain or to lose by what he says. Lord Hugh Cecil has a most

remarkable trick of dropping his knees as he talks. It is a very attractive habit, this sudden suggestion of a resumption on the floor of the House, and it is accompanied by the most extraordinary play of one hand over the other wrist. His diction is eager and rapid. It is said that he has a considerable command of words, but this is not quite true. He has many words, undoubtedly, but they are by no means always under command. At times he is like Lord Roberts Cecil, actually rude, not to say insolent, to those who differ from him. But the audacity is tolerated because, after all, a man who can be really insolent in the House of Commons must be a man of courage, and members are accepted pretty much at their own valuation. His extreme enthusiasm for, or more usually against, particular causes has once or twice been his undoing, as when he committed a really unsupportable breach of parliamentary etiquette by delaying a division upon the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

As things stand, it does not look as if he will be summoned to office, even if Mr. Balfour returns to power. But he is just the sort of man who might completely change his tone if he were given a seat on the Government bench. He would have to be in a department which would not touch his religious and social antipathies, and in such a department one may assume that his governing instinct would assert itself.

what she has ever been, a miniature Statue in the midst of modern Europe; managing her own little affairs as she chooses, and leaving her neighbors to do the same with theirs. To get into or out of Andorra, on any day, you must cross an elevated mountain pass, and there is not a single highway leading into the country either from France or Spain. The principal entrance from the French side is the Pass of Soldeu, nearly eight thousand feet above sea-level. This is the only one practicable for horses; the others are mere mule-tracks or footpaths, and all of them are blocked during the snowy season.

The Andorra Constitution is antique and patriarchal. The law of primogeniture is strictly followed. The country is divided into six *parroquias*, each of which sends four members to Parliament. The members in turn elect the President. There is no standing army in Andorra, but one man out of each family has to be a soldier at his own expense.

Andorra has neither National Debt nor Budget. There are only three paid officials in the whole State, and the expenses of the Government and the administration of the *parroquias* are met by the dues for the right of passage and of cutting wood, either for fuel or building purposes, on communal lands. Taxation reduces itself to a minimum, and is represented by a poll-tax of twenty-five centimes per annum on each member of every family for the nation at large; besides this, innkeepers pay a yearly licence that costs them fifty francs.

The expenses of justice in this happy country are defrayed by the parties themselves in the case of law-suits or legal disputes. The amount of actual crime is infinitesimal. In case of a death-sentence being pronounced, the condemned person has to be garrotted on the bridge just outside Andorra-la-Villa within twenty-four hours; but since the Republic does not maintain an executioner, it always has to hire one from France or Spain for the occasion. As a matter of fact, nobody ever seems to have been executed, so far as I could make out. When a prisoner is condemned to penal servitude he is sent out of the country to the convict establishments in France or Spain.

There are no constables, policemen, watchmen, or civil guards of any description—and no lawyers.

During twelve hundred years the Andorrans have continually married and inter-married to such an extent

that at present all the inhabitants are practically cousins; yet, strange to say, neither their physical, mental, nor normal qualities seem to have suffered.

One may search the confines of this country in vain for a vehicle of any kind. People and merchandise of every description are carried on the backs of horses, mules, or donkeys. From end to end of the land you may also look vainly for a civilized modern highway; yet the largest item of national expenditure is that expended for "the maintenance of roads and bridges." These roads, if they can be so called, run alone beside the rivers, and are subject to many vicissitudes; so, too, are the bridges, mostly of wood and dexterly primitive in construction. If a storm swells the flood, an inundation washes them bodily away, and they generally require renewal at least twice or three times a year.

Andorra is a land of one main valley running the length of the country, and several smaller ones branching off from it. They are connected with each other by narrow, rocky defiles, through which, of course, the roads run, and unless kept clear of falling rocks, would soon become impassable. When I asked one man why they did not make an effort to improve their means of communication, he smiled, with a superior smile: "Ah! Good roads might induce foreigners to invade our mountains, and they wouldn't bring us any benefit. For us these roads are good enough, and we don't want outsiders to disturb us."

There is a certain attitude of the average Andorran towards the world beyond his mountains. What you are "the guest of his country," instinct and principles both combine to render him courteous and hospitable to a high degree—provided you don't attempt to take photographs or go prospecting for mines. Those are two liberties that rouse him to fury. Several journalists, tourists, and well-known big game hunters, who were bold enough to camp at Andorra at various times with cameras slung across their shoulders, received very peremptory usage. Having had their plates smashed, their apparatus destroyed, and their hotel bills "calred" considerably, they were marched off at dead of night surrounded by armed men, put across the frontier, and sternly forbidden ever to set foot in those regions again. In the event of a civil war, I imagine, some photographs were obtained a short time ago. The cameras were disguised as gourds (made of buckskin for the purpose), and the Andorrans are still unaware of the treachery practised on them.

The Queerest Republic in the World

Snuggled in the mountains between France and Spain is a little republic, twenty-nine miles long by twenty broad, with a population of six thousand souls. It dates its foundation from the year 780, when the Emperor Charlemagne gave its people a Charter of Independence, which has been respected ever since, even by Napoleon. The little republic is known as Andorra, and a description of it is to be found in the *Wide World Magazine*, written by H. E. Browning.

The Andorrans are almost as conservative as the Chinese. They mistrust foreigners and foreign inventions, and have a rooted objection to such things as photographic cameras, railways, tel-

ephone wires, telephones, and other modernities, which, to their minds, savour only of Sodom and Gomorrah and that wicked world whose far-off echoes occasionally reach their ears and shock their sensibilities. Nature has provided them with inextinguishable fortifications in the shape of Pyrenean masses that shut them in completely and securely on every hand, and they have no mind to allow their peaceful harmony to be disturbed. Let other nations quarrel and fight with each other if they choose; Andorra has no ambitions. She never has had any. The scenes of the country at the beginning of the twentieth century are just exactly the same as they were in the year 782, neither more nor less. She is very tenacious of her independence, of her antique traditions, of her manners and customs, but she is content to remain



A STATION IN THE MOUNTAINS

The Newest Transcontinental Railway

A description of the recently-opened Trans-Andine Railway, connecting Buenos Aires, the capital of the Argentine Republic, with Valparaiso, the capital of Chile, appears in *Travel and Exploration*, from the pen of C. A. Pamicoat. In point of length, the new railway is not to be compared with the Trans-Siberian Railway, or even the trans-continental lines of North America, since the breadth of the continent between Buenos Aires and Valparaiso is not very great, but its eight hundred and eighty miles cover much interesting ground.

It is noteworthy that the Trans-Andine Railway has been an exceptionally long time in construction—as fact, the history of the undertaking really dates back to 1874, when the concession was first obtained for the building of a railway from Mendoza to the Argentine-Chilean boundary on top of the Andes. Work on the Argentine side was first begun in 1887, and in 1891 about fifty-seven miles were opened—the first four sections, from Mendoza to Uspallata. The fifth section, from Uspallata to Rio

Bianco (eighteen miles) was opened in 1897, the sixth section, from Rio Blanco to Punta de las Vacas (thirteen miles) in 1894; and then the construction was suspended until 1899, because the Chilean Government delayed its decision as to the arrangements under which the railway on its own side of the Andes should be constructed.

Towards the end of 1899 work was resumed. On the Argentine side matters progressed steadily, and in 1903 the line on that side reached Las Cañas ("the Caves," though no one seems to know of any caves or grottoes about here.) It was, however, not until 1903 that work on the Chilean side was really taken up again, and the Trans-Andine Construction Company took over the completion of the line on that side, including its proportion of the summit tunnel, and, by arrangement, they also built the tunnel on the Argentine side of the Andes, for obviously, though the tunnel was in the territories of two Republics, the work, to be done satisfactorily, must be kept under the control of one company.

Not until November last did the telegram arrive in London announcing that the tunnel was actually bored through, and not until the 5th of April last did the first train run over the line, on

which date the tunnel was officially inaugurated on the Chilean side. The official inauguration on the Argentine side, however, may not be until the 25th of May, the Argentine Centenary of Independence Day. This, however, is not certain, and in any case it is not likely that trains will be delayed running all that time.

The opening of the first South American Trans-Continental and Trans-Andine Railway (the first Trans-Andine railway not confined to the territory of one Republic) comes singularly opportunely in a year which marks the first centenary of the independence of the second greatest, and, perhaps, the most important South American Republic.

A description of the country traversed by the new railway is supplied

The pleasure of the Trans-Argentine part of the Trans-Andine trip depends—

much upon whether it has recently calmed on the plains or not. If it has not done so, the traveler arrives at the end of the journey black with dust. As everyone knows who has seen even a little of the Argentine, the country is very flat until the Andes or the approaches thereto are actually reached. For about fifty miles—a short stretch in that land of sweeping horizons and vast distances—the plains are well cultivated. After this, the fields are exceedingly large, sometimes as much as three square miles, and there is little to be seen but corn, maize, or alfalfa (lucerne), a familiar sight in much of the Argentine; or flocks of cattle and sheep numbering thousands.

The traveler in the Argentine is sure soon to hear of Mendoza wine, and Mendoza, with its wine industry and vineyards, is probably one of the most interesting stopping-places for those who wish to break the Trans-Andine journey. For the Argentine it is a picturesque



ENTERING THE ANDINE TUNNEL



A CHOICE SET OF ANDINE SCENERY
WHERE THE RAILWAY CLIMBS TO THE SUMMIT

place, with spacious streets, on either side of which run gutters of melted snow water from the Andes.

After Mendoza the Andes proper begin with their deep ravines, barrenness, and variety of coloring—that wonderful coloring, which only barren mountains can show, and the impossibility of reproducing this renders Andean photographs somewhat tame and illusory presentations of the scenery. On this coloring every traveler, from Darwin onwards, has commented. Darwin, indeed, says that the colors of the Andean rocks were "the first view I ever saw which really marbled these pretty sections which geologists make of the inside of the earth." He also noted the so-called

"red snow," which can occasionally be seen in the Andes.

It is the barrenness, the dryness and sometimes the absence of all life, which impress most of those who first see the Andes—that section of them crossed by the Trans-Andine Railway. Yet from November to May there are, in many places, flowers of various sorts, and yellow-flowering scrub or bushes, with many cool and leafy-leaved plants which commonly grow in waste and desolate lands wherein there is no rain. But along the railway, up to a considerable altitude, especially in the side valleys, which only the exploring tourist will ever visit, there are also, in the right season, quantities of a sweet-

scented yellow composite flower, and also of a blue flower, of the escholtzia tribe, from its appearance, and a beautiful purple single flower, in shape not unlike an anemone. It is doubtful whether the Andes have ever yet been thoroughly explored by a botanist; and quite probably anyone who went out, even to this, one of the most peopled parts, and examined the plants thoroughly, would discover some valuable, and as yet unknown, garden flowers.

Another stopping place on the Argentine Trans-Andine Railway is Puente de Inca (bridge of the Incas), in a high, desolate valley, with bare, rugged mountains all around. The Inca Hotel is the only dwelling in this valley, except the houses of some people connected with the railway. There is some vegetation, for flowers and alfalfa grow at this height, but no trees. The tops of the mountains are frequently covered with snow, even in midsummer, and the air at over eight thousand feet is somewhat rarefied. The wind blows very hard at the same time each day—the curious Andean wind.

The natural bridge of stones and rock, cemented into a solid mass through the action of carbonate of lime and oxide of iron from the mineral springs, which gives the name to this place, was considered by Darwin to be "quite unworthy of the great monarchs whose name

it bears." Nevertheless, it impresses most travelers as a marvelous natural sight; and it is undoubtedly very old, and was the resort of Inca Indians many years ago. They used to take the baths under the bridge—natural hot baths, considered especially good for rheumatism, and saw the chief attraction of Inca—for thermal waters in the Argentine are comparatively rare, and are found, it is said, in the Andes alone. The baths are very invigorating, in fact, according to some travelers, rather too invigorating. What is called "the champagne bath" is exactly like real champagne, and just pleasantly hot. Some of the baths, like other thermal ones, should not be taken except under medical advice, and at least one of the Inca baths is too strong for any ordinary person. These Andean thermal waters have some of the extraordinary, velvet softness which distinguishes those of New Zealand, indeed, they are often rather hard.

The Trans-Andine tunnel has been pierced at an altitude of nearly ten thousand five hundred feet. This is no record, as there are other tunnels in South America higher than this, but, as compared with European tunnels, it is remarkable. The total length of the tunnels is about two and one-eighth miles.



A TROLLEY SLEEPING CAR

Upper Berths With Windows

The advances made of late in electric traction are beginning to be extended to night traffic and on the Illinois Traction System a sleeping car service has been arranged between Peoria and East St. Louis. The cars,

which have been designed for this service, are described in the *Railroad and Engineering Review*.

An underlying motive in the design of these cars was to offer a passenger means for passing a more comfortable

night while en route over the electric line than could be had on the regular steam sleepers of any competitive steam road. As a step in advance the sleeping-car of this new design has upper berths into which daylight and air are readily admitted. An outside view is obtainable through two windows at the side of each upper berth.

The car is divided into eight compartments, of which the two end ones are fitted differently than the remaining six, conforming to the general idea of the Pullman section.

The six compartments in the middle of the car are fitted with upper and lower berths of a type original with the designers of the car. These berths are so arranged that when not wanted for occupancy, they may be swung up and locked against the sides of the car. It is not intended that passengers shall be assigned to these compartments except during sleeping hours. The two berths in each section occupy the full length of 6 ft. 5 ins. between the cross partitions. Each berth is hinged to the side framing of the car, and its weight balanced so that it may be folded up against the windows. No seating is provided in the space, except folding chairs which become available when the berth is lifted. It will be noted, however, that when the berth is raised, the pas-



THE CORRIDOR
SHOWING DEPENDS INTO SECTIONS

senger has the entire floor space and the full height up to the upper berth for his convenience in dressing. The fittings of each berth are removable so that they can be carried outside for thorough cleaning and airing at the end of the run. The lower berth has removable spring frames, and each berth is provided with two leather pillows, two Pullman blankets, and duplicate sets of linen. The usual hammocks and head and foot baskets are provided for the reception of the clothing at night, and the section is shut off from the corridor at night by the usual long curtains carrying the berth numbers. A berth of this type is made ready during the day, and folded against the wall, so that when the passenger wishes to retire it is ready instantly.

The cars will be operated as trailers and thus the noise of the motors will be eliminated and there will, of course, be no smoke and dust.

The regular Pullman rate of \$1.50 per berth prevails, except that the upper berth is 35 cents cheaper. A colored porter acts as attendant on each car. Hot coffee and rolls are served the passengers from a portable fireless cooker provided for each car, and no extra charge is made for this service. In fact, it is specifically announced that the porters are paid good wages and the

passengers are not expected to tip them. Sheets and blankets adhere to the Kansas law, being more than nine feet in length. In case the upper berth is not sold, it is not made up, giving that much additional convenience to the occupant of the lower berth. For those who have money or valuables, a special arrangement has been made. A small safe with a strong door and lock is

built into the wall of the car at the head of each berth, for the storing of valuable articles during the night. The locks are so designed that two keys are required for opening. A master key is carried by the car conductor, and each passenger will retain possession of an individual key. These keys will be attached to rubber rings so that they may be slipped over the wrist at night.

Unusual Business Methods in the West

James Oliver Curwood, who, since 1899, as an employee of the Dominion Government, has been associated more or less largely with the development of the great west, relates in *The Book-keeper* some of the unique ways of doing business which he encountered in his travels to and fro in western Canada. While the west is essentially progressive and up-to-date, it is none the less true that in the new and sparsely-settled districts, the business man does things in strange and antiquated ways.

Last year I came upon what possibly stands without a parallel in "business" logic and computation. It was on the Winnipeg River. A tin contractor, whose gang numbered nearly thirty men, was at the time floating his winter's "cut" down to market. He was

counting when I first saw him, and his method of doing it fairly stunned me. His sole computation was in the time it took the floating ties to pass through a certain deep and swift part of the stream. He triumphantly explained the whole system to me that afternoon, after the "cut" had gone down.

"I figured it out quite a few years ago," he said. "I hit upon the idea of finding out many times that stream would carry past a given place at a given time, at a certain height of water, and without jams. So I chanced back ten thousand ties, and let 'em slide. They passed that point in just one hour and three minutes. Then I chanced back another ten thousand, and let 'em slide. They made it in an hour and seventeen minutes. I got an average by dividing by two, which gave an hour and ten minutes for every ten thousand. The run was steady for five hours and forty minutes to-day, which means that 55,000 ties went down. They've got to



TIMBERING BY HORSE-POWER

Illustration from *The Book-keeper*



END SECTION

SHOWING WINDOWS IN UPPER SECTIONS



GETTING EVEN WITH THE LIMBERMEN
 HERE A MAN WHO REPORTS BY THE LOAD HOOKED OF THE LIMBERMEN, WHO DID
 NOT STEAL THE LOGS OF THE LIMBER.

From the Rock-keeper

come up to that count down below, because I know there ain't less. If there are any more the company can have 'em. I'm satisfied. What's the use of hiring men to count when the river'll do it for you?"

Mr. Curwood also tells of a system employed by a Red Deer farmer to reckon the quantity of his wheat.

This man, Albert Schmidt, has an 800-acre farm near Red Deer, and he harvests 400 acres of wheat each year. His nearly all grain growers in the prairie country, Mr. Schmidt threshes his wheat into a great pile where it remains until carried to the elevators. The long grain pile, twenty feet in length, forms a huge funnel-shaped mound of wheat, and four years ago, in having this grain measured, Mr. Schmidt measured the diameter of the mound. He found that this diameter was twenty-two feet, and that the pile contained 600 bushels of wheat. He tried the experiment again and found that his next mound of the same size contained 616 bushels. The proof was

convincing enough for him, and to-day his 800 acres are threshed into 22-foot mounds, and the wheat is sold by the mound instead of by the bushel. His method is simply to put a check on the elevator estimate without undue labor or expense to himself. "I figure," he says, "that I save a cent a bushel on my grain, or about \$150 a year." Some of his neighbors say, however, that purchasers are very glad to take his wheat by "the mound," and there are those who suggest that it is possible he is beating himself.

Of the advanced methods of Americans over Canadians, Mr. Curwood gives one or two examples.

In a thickly settled prairie district not far from Moose Jaw a few Canadians had opened up a coal mine, the product of which they sold to the surrounding farmers. Settlers would come in wagons and sleighs and load their own winter's fuel, which cost them from \$1 to \$2 a ton, according to the run. It was early winter when I first made the acquaintance of this mine and its remarkable "superintendent," and my first

reception from this individual was a fierce yell on his part, and the frantic brandishing of a long stick, and the words, "What the devil are you doing? Can't you see? Are you stupid here? I was infernally WALKING THROUGH HIS BOOKS!" Since morning—say this was at 8 o'clock in the afternoon—he had been keeping a record of outgoing sleighs and wagons of coal in the snow! About twenty farmers were drawing that day. With his stick he had written the initials of each in a clean spot in the snow, and with that same stick had registered the number of tons they had taken away. I had spotted one-half of his "books," and it was an hour before he became at all amiable. I was all more astonished when I entered the "superintendent's" little board office. The walls were black with pencil marks, figures and names. A fire would have burned down his "book" of two years past. I was not surprised when I heard a little later that this Canadian "company" had failed, and had sold out at a loss to several young Americans who had come up with a couple of thousand dollars apiece. To-day the three young men who went into it are comparatively rich, and I understand that they keep their accounts.

In speaking of American push and hustle and queer business ideas possibly Albert Westrick, of High River, carries off the record. Young Westrick went up into Alberta three years ago with one of the swiftest and bravest little wires in the world, two small children, and just enough money to buy him two horses. He took up a homestead, and began farming—and thinking. The first year he raised several acres of wheat, but was so far removed from other settlers that he was at a loss how to get it threshed. It was then that American inventive genius displayed itself. He manufactured his own threshing outfit, engine and all. The "engine" was a tread-mill device worked by two horses, and the whole thing was a glorious success. He still threshes with this pioneer invention, and has perfected it that he can run out fifteen bushels of grain an hour, or 150 bushels a day, at no expense to himself except a little time. Last year he threshed nearly 500 bushels by horse-power. By means of this same tread-mill device he saves his own wood.

A good story is told of a Yankee by the name of Stevens, who got his revenge on some parties, who had defrauded him, in a clever manner.

Stevens secured an option on a fine piece of timber, but by a little clever

engineering on the part of certain dishonest parties he was beaten in a manner that relieved him of several thousand dollars. Stevens began to think. Then he disappeared. A little later he sent a man to make a deal with the men who had secured the timber, keeping his own name out of the transaction. This agent would not purchase by the foot, the tree or the acre. He made a flat offer of so much per "one-team load," and the offer seemed to be such a good one that the men who had beaten Stevens made a contract with him.

Then Stevens appeared, and with him came such sleds and such teams as the natives had never looked upon before. It is unnecessary to give a description of them, for one of the accompanying illustrations will show what they were. One of his "one-team loads" was sufficient to make three ordinary loads. He brought out from 20,000 to 25,000 feet at a "pig"—and at a price for which he would ordinarily have purchased about 10,000 feet. It was one of the cleverest games ever played on timber-robbers, and Stevens made a handsome cash in one winter. In the Thunder Bay country it is not uncommon for a contractor when he wants an especially large load brought out, to say to the driver, "Bring out a Stevens load this time," and the driver understands just what he means. Stevens' sleds were sixteen feet wide by twenty-two in length, and his lightest horse weighed 1,700 pounds.

Best of all, however, is the story of Frank Cahill, of Saskatoon, who secured a fortune in a unique way.

Nine years ago Cahill went up into the Goose Lake country and settled on a homestead, his only possessions being a yoke of oxen, a wagon and \$3 in cash, besides a few tools. To-day he is worth a million. One day Cahill yoked up his oxen and set out for Saskatoon, thirty miles away, to purchase supplies with his \$3. Arriving in Saskatoon he saw a "chance" to make his money. He didn't let it pass. He gave over his oxen and wagon for a six months' option on twenty acres of land just outside of the town, and thus he divided into 100 lots. Then he went among the surrounding settlers and convinced them that the day was not far distant when Saskatoon was to be the greatest railroad and commercial center west of Winnipeg. His proposition seemed like giving to the wind. He would go to a man with two or three hundred acres of grain and say to him: "I'll make you over the deed to one of these lots, or more, if in return for each lot you give me the product of two acres of your grain-crop for three years." What

was two acres out of two hundred or more? Nothing, thought the farmers, and they jumped at this easy way of speculating in Saskatoon real estate. The result was astonishing. The one hundred lots were sold, and in return Cahill had sown, reaped and harvested 260 acres of wheat land for three years, absolutely without cost to himself. The deal netted him 16,000 bushels of wheat, or about \$14,600. He paid \$106 an acre for the land, so he cleaned up a profit

of \$12,800, and before others discovered what a boom he had given to the town real estate he had secured other options on about 600 acres of the most desirable property. And the farmers did not loose for Cahill's prediction was a true one, and today Saskatoon has nine lines of steel leading into and from it, thirty wholesale houses, and a population of 10,000. Cahill is a millionaire, and the "big" real estate dealer of that part of Saskatchewan.

For the Peace and Welfare of America

The dedication of the new building of the International Bureau of American Republics at Washington renders timely a description of the Bureau and its work, which appears in the *Review of Reviews*.

This Pan-American Bureau, as it was originally called, the concrete result of the first international American conference, held in Washington in the year 1890, has come to clearly represent the

ideas and desires of nearly two hundred millions of people, living under twenty-one different national names, to establish and maintain among themselves and their respective governments cordial friendship, everlasting peace, and more profitable commercial and social intercourse.

Established when the suspicion of the republics of the southern continent had begun to take definite form against the alleged imperialistic designs of the English-speaking North American republic,



JOHN BARRETT
DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU

and to remain a visual, tangible evidence that the governments and peoples of the Western Hemisphere have attained a common understanding and are working for continental fraternity and peace.

As a distributing centre for information of every conceivable kind to the governments and people represented, through its library its special publications, and its handsomely illustrated, excellently edited periodical, the *Bulletin*, the Bureau has rendered a great service in binding closer relations between the republics and in helping to formulate a strong Pan-American public opinion.

The Bureau is governed by the diplomatic representatives of all the nations having part in its work and is supported by their contributions. The American Secretary of State is always the chairman of the board. For the past three years it has been under the directorship of Mr. John Barrett, a diplomat and administrator who has been tried and proven by more than one difficult public task in widely separated parts of the world. It is to Mr. Barrett's ability, vision, and far-sighted management that the Bureau chiefly owes its present efficiency. He has been more than an administrator; thanks in large measure to his far-seeing imagination and patient diplomacy, the Bureau of the American Republics has become the medium through which is made known the common ideals of the American continent.

The Canadian coat-of-arms appears in the pavo of the Bureau, along with those of all the other American Gov-

vernments. This voluntary union has come to stand for equality among all the nations of the American hemisphere, for fraternity, common understanding, and peace. It has gone a great way toward justifying, demonstrating, and making intelligible to the world the real spirit of the Monroe Doctrine.

Last month the most important event in the history of the Bureau occurred in Washington. With impressive ceremonies, in which the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and the most eminent statesmen and diplomats of the two continents participated, the future home of the Bureau was dedicated. This building, a splendid marble palace, made possible chiefly through the munificence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, with generous contributions from all the nations represented in the Bureau, is a fine piece of architecture, embodying in its form and decorations many of those historic concepts and artistic ideals that are nearest and dearest to the Latin-American heart. A typical patio forms the centre of the building, and in it is an artistic fountain modelled on the lines of Aztec sculpture. Statuary and interior decorations represent typical scenes in the history of North and South American nations. The whole artistic effect is Latin-American. There is, besides the libraries and reading rooms, a fine Hall of the American Republics, in which future international conferences and other important diplomatic gatherings will be held. It is certain to become the centre of Pan-American ideas,



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS AT WASHINGTON



THE WEST GALLERY

WITH PLACE OF THE FOUNTAIN AND RUINS OF THE GREAT LEADERS OF THE PAST

ernments, and the name of Champlain has been placed there with the names of Washington, Bolivar, San Martin, et al. In the room of the Governing

Board is to be found a representation in bronze of Champlain's negotiations with the Indian chieftains near Quebec.

In the Ring for a Million

Edward B. Moss, sporting editor of the New York Sun, contributes to *Harper's Weekly*, a remarkable article on what is involved financially and otherwise in the approaching Jeffries-Johnson fight for the world's championship. The purse to be divided between the two combatants amounts to \$100,000, but this is a very small figure compared with other sources of revenue which the pugilists will tap.

It has been estimated that should Jeffries succeed in placing Johnson "hors de combat" by a clever glove manoeuvre at Emeryville, California, on Independence Day, the receipts from the moving-picture films will be worth at least \$1,000,000. The next step develops more freedom of finance. California's native son has signed a contract for a round-the-world tour, conditional on his success in wrestling from the present holder the premier pugilist title. By the terms of the contract he is to receive \$150,000 or, if he so desires, one-third of the net receipts of the tour. Since it is planned to form an all-star troupe of pugilists and wrestlers and visit every part of the civilized world in a trip which will extend over a period of two years, it is likely that Mr. Jeffries will net the latter proposition a little more than some \$200,000 in what the show experts figure as his share under those conditions.

Should Johnson win, it is not likely that his receipts would be as large, for the reason that the moving pictures could not be shown south of Baltimore. In vaudeville he would also draw less because of his color.

But interest in the fight is not limited to the principals. By no means. Enter Messrs. Rickard and Gleason.

The first member of the duo is a West-Ohio miner and man of standing and experience in a vitreous country. "His said

that novelists of the strenuous stamp delight to typify him as the hero of their death-defying romances. His partner is of a different school. A diplomat, master of business detail, he forms an ideal counterbalance to Rickard. These are the men who are offering the \$101,000 purse for a world's title, an arena which will seat at least 30,000 spectators, and have secured fare concessions from every railroad in the country. They have planned the gigantic undertaking with an eye to the thousand and one details necessary to success. Money has been spent at every turn, and the venture must needs promise excellent returns to interest these men. It does.

The arena, which will be octagon-shaped, will seat no fewer than 30,000 persons. It is to be built of lumber reinforced by steel. More than 300,000 feet of boards will be required in its erection. When completed it will be 350 feet from side to side, and the longest line of seats will be sixty feet above the ground. Twenty-four exits will be provided, and in the center will be a twenty-four inch postless ring. The price of seats will range from five to fifty dollars according to location. The promoters have estimated that the average price of admission will be about twenty dollars, and that every seat will be occupied when the moment arrives. This being the case, it is an easy matter to figure the gross receipts, which are truly smallish, being no less than \$600,000. Against this sum must be charged the purse, the cost of the arena, the \$500 license fee paid to the town of Emeryville, office rental, ticket-printer, Pinkertons hire, and scores of other necessary disbursements. It appears certain, however, that at least fifty per cent, or \$300,000, can be spent for dividends. In addition the promoters are to share equally with the principals in the movie-picture profits, and again we find ourselves adding thousands and thousands of dollars together before the final division is made.

Then, too, it is astounding to figure out the number of people who will journey to the fight. Special parties

are expected from England, France, China, Australia, South America and other far distant points. New York's quota has been placed at 1,000, with a like number from Chicago. Special excursion trains are being organized in all parts of the country.

The newspapers are preparing to take care of the stay-at-homes. It will be one of the biggest newspaper stories that has occurred in years. There will be assembled in San Francisco for this purpose not less than 300 reporters from all parts of the country, besides a few from Europe. Many will be "on the story" by the first of June. The regular telegraph toll between New York and 'Frisco is two cents a word. An average for the whole continent will be at least a cent a word. One thousand

words equal a column in the average newspaper. Many of the dailies will be served by the press associations. Others will send special writers and artists, some weeks in advance. Photographers who are snatching the principals in training find a ready sale for their prints at \$2 and \$3 each. No estimate can be made of the expense that will be entailed by the newspapers of the world in reporting and illustrating the event and the preliminaries. The cost of telegraph and cable tolls, paper for the special extras, overtime pay for type-setters, pressmen, stereotypers, and others will cross the million mark. On the night of July 4th twenty-five million persons will each spend a penny for a paper to learn "what happened in 'Frisco to-day." There's another \$250,000 for your tally slip.

Jas. J. Hill Attacks Motor Cars

The *Literary Digest* directs attention to the remarks of James J. Hill on the injury being done to national prosperity by the automobile industry. Mr. Hill said in an interview:

"The people of the United States will garner a crop of agricultural products this year worth \$9,000,000,000. This is my answer to the question as to prospects of good times. That enormous wealth ought to make good times for every one if people do not go crazy. If \$400,000,000 employed in purchasing automobiles had been invested in sawmills or factories so that it would be producing something, conditions would be very different throughout this country."

The *Financial World*, of New York, in printing this comment, "endorses unreservedly the observations respecting the crops," provided we are so fortunate as to produce \$9,000,000,000 of agricultural wealth. But at that point its commendation ends. It does not believe, as Mr. Hill's remark im-

plies, that "the people have gone, or are going, crazy over automobiling." Nor does it believe that the expenditure of \$400,000,000 annually for cars and their maintenance constitutes a dead loss, or that the diversion of that sum to sawmills and factories would materially better the situation of the nation as a whole. The writer says further:

Mr. Hill and other critics, who have noted with some alarm the vast increase in the outlay for the sport of automobiling, erroneously insist that the money spent is wholly lost. We would like to suggest to these critics that a nation which thinks only of work and the piling up of wealth will in the end lag in the family of nations. "All week and no play makes Jack a dull boy," applies to nations as well as to the individual. Besides, all the money spent on auto-cars is not wasted. We venture to declare that fully one-third of the automobiles and all the auto-trucks turned out at the present time are devoted to commercial use. The business men of to-day goes to

his office in his car daily, and auto-ombs and cars kept for the use of hotel guests are rented wholly for profit, and it can not be said that the capital used to produce these autos is wasted. The critics of the auto buyer also fail to take note of the fact that the use of automobiles is merely the substitution of one power for another, millions being saved annually by automobiles taking the place of horses and carriages.

All in all, it seems unjust to attribute to the advent of the auto all the extravagance and waste of the present day. If Mr. Hill's view were suddenly to find adoption, and the purchases of autos abruptly cease, we would instead of the good times Mr. Hill can see if the auto "crash" shall end, witness a crash which would not be confined to the auto industry. The automobile has come to stay, despite its critics and the fact that some abuses and regrettable extravagance have come with it.

Among other critics of Mr. Hill's statement is Alfred Reeves, who is a prominent general manager in the automobile industry. He makes the interesting point that as Mr. Hill for a long time has been uttering the cry of "back to the farm," there being, as he contends, a lack of people tilling the soil, he should remember that "the automobile has done and is doing more to keep the young man on the farm than anything else." During the past two years farmers have been among the largest buyers of motor-cars. In one county of Iowa alone 273 are now owned by tillers of the soil. Other points in Mr. Reeves' statement are the following:

I speak of investing in automobiles, as automobiles are an investment. They not alone give a greater radius of travel and are great time-savers, but even when used solely for pleasure, they give enjoyment to family and friends, taking them into the pure air of the country.

It is undoubtedly true that there are some people maintaining motor-cars who can not properly afford them; but is that any less true in the case of those who speculate in Wall Street's stocks, or buy more expensive clothing or homes than their incomes really warrant?

Better by far that Mr. Hill, and others who have been quoted as being pessimistic on the country's future, and hasten to lay much of the blame on the motor-car, should glory in the country that could afford to buy 120,000 automobiles in 1909, costing approximately \$150,000,000, with every prospect of buying more than 200,000 cars this year, retailing at not less than \$225,000,000. Let them remember that more than one million families in this country have incomes of \$3,000 or more.

Let them glory in a business that has almost one hundred substantial motor-car factories and a number of smaller ones with a total capital of more than \$250,000,000, that have 250 factories making tires, parts and accessories, with a capital of almost \$150,000,000; those same factories, in making parts and accessories, employing not less than 250,000 men.

Dom Mr. Hill ever stop to consider the wages earned by the chauffeurs, of whom there are 56,500 registered in New York State alone? Invariably they receive on the average, better wages than the men on Mr. Hill's railroad or any other railroad.

One can not deny that the circulation of money is what aids a community. The most important people in this country are not those who buy bonds and live on the interest without working or producing anything. The real backbone of the country is the man who works hard, spends a little and saves a little, who gets some enjoyment out of life, and moreover, who thinks enough of his family to own a motor-car and secure the benefit of that greatest of modern means of transportation.

The motor-car is new and, of course, must be the subject of prejudice to a greater or less extent. The fact remains, however, and neither the statements of Mr. Hill nor those of any other man will change it, that the 175,000 motor-cars now running in this country are but a beginning, and that the number will increase rapidly, both for pleasure and business purposes; that the country itself is going to be very much better off as a result, and that the automobile business will continue to prosper just as long as makers give good machines at the lowest prices consistent with design, material, and workmanship.

The Express Skyscraper

Building skyscrapers at the rate of a story a week is no new thing in New York. There, according to William Allen Johnston, writing in *Harpers' Weekly*, they actually complete the storey, all furnished and ready for occupancy, within that time.

The story of the express-built skyscraper begins away back in the steel-rolling mills of Pittsburgh and Bethlehem, where they also race against time and short-cut processes and with a gigantic senseless rush turn out a product whether men get in the way or not.

Here the entire steel frame of the skyscraper is built in multitudes of sections—that is to say, columns, beam-headers, girders—each with connecting flanges all punched and ready to be fitted and riveted together. The column-weighs as much as fifteen tons each.

A complete story could be told of the weeks at Pittsburgh: of how the big machines start rolling, riveting, cutting, punching—the processes are many and swift—almost the moment the blueprints arrive; of how even while the work is in progress some master minds are plotting ways and means to hasten it, to get the black metal timbers craned more swiftly out of the coating shops and speeding on to New York in hundreds of heavy flat-cars.

Then follows the actual erection of the building in the city, and this step is described in detail.

It is a wonderful giant's feast of jack-staws—this rearing of the steel structure. First a platoon of monster derricks is set up in the pit. The masts are sometimes ninety feet in height, with booms nearly as long, and are shipped all the way across the continent from the big pine forests of Oregon. Three flat-cars, and to end are required for the length of the poles, and, arrived at their destination in New York, they are trucked through the streets to the building site at midnight when other traffic is all save suspended.

Now the steel is arriving, drawn from the river lighters in great double-teamed,

extension trucks, and is unloaded all around the edge of the rectangular pit. Each length is marked to go in a certain place. The drivers for the most part are ex-horsemen and know how to handle steel as well as horses. The derricks are electrically run and move silently, swiftly, steadily. The spasmodic jerking of the puffing steam upright engine is absent. The big booms swing, dip, raise their many-ton loads with all the precision and docility of human hands. Just think of swinging a heavy girder into a flanged union with a play on either side of little more than a quarter of an inch!

With each derrick there's a crew of seven men, comprising a "pusher" or signal man, a derrick-man, and five overhead iron workers. Over all the squads is the iron foreman, darting here and there, looking up and down, seeing the whole process and every part of it.

The mighty work goes on continuously by day and night. One shift—a big job it surely is—never relieves another. There must be no stopping; minutes count. At night yellow and white incandescent lights splutter over a ceaseless din and travail. Now and then an ambulance rings its way into the congested side-street. For there are accidents. They cannot be altogether avoided.

Every time two stories of steel are completed the derricks must be raised. This has been slow, cumbersome work in the past. Only a year ago it meant a day's work. Now they do it in from thirty minutes to two hours. In the old way they rigged a stiff-legged derrick above, which cradled down and lifted up the boom derrick. In other words they raised a derrick with a derrick. Now they make the derrick raise itself. To a layman this sounds like raising one's self by the boots. But it can be done, even with an eight-ton, ninety-foot derrick. A young iron foreman solved the problem one day when his company gave him just twelve days to put up the frame of a twelve-story building.

"It's easy enough," said he. "You just fold up the derrick and lash home

and mast together. Then detach the main "fall" or hoisting cable from the boom and give it a slouch around the mast about one-third of the length from the top.

"Now—start your winding drums down there in the basement, and what's going to happen? Why, the cable pulls the whole derrick up and holds it till we make new moorings."

The minute one process of the building operations is sufficiently advanced, the second process follows on.

They wait for nothing and obey no precedents in the building of the express sky-scraper. While the steel frame is hastening skyward the walls, doors, tiling, fire-proofing, wiring—all are raising after it. The very moment a support is made that renders possible the commencement of another branch of the work, the latter activity begins. On a granite and brick building the bricklayers start work—on the fifth storey, say—before the granite has reached them. By the time the latter is laid and meets the brick they are several stories in advance. That means several stories saved in time. They work shoulder to shoulder—not an inch of room is wasted—on a long, mechanically elevated platform that seems to climb upward before your very eyes.

Already the plastering has begun—while there still remains a gap in the underwalls between granite and brick. Another precedent broken? Said a nervous young superintendent one morning: "We begin plastering to-day."

"What?" expostulated the foreman. He interrupted objections, slowly, obstinately; the superintendent snapped each one out of the way. They were precedents only.

"And, now, why not?" he concluded. The foreman scratched his head; and then a light began to twinkle in his eye, the light of daring initiative—of Americanism; for that is what the spirit really

is. He jumped up, shook his shoulders and squared them. The wheelhorse became a racer. "I got you," said he. "I'll have a hundred and fifty men on the job by noon."

It is this dovetailing of all the various activities—from base to cornice, from side to side, that helps most to solve the puzzle of rapid construction. No trade waits for another to finish. Each fits in the moment another makes a groove and all work skyward together. Thus there may be more than a thousand men on a building at one time. They swarm like ants over the structure. Mails, riveting-hammers, trowels, wrenches, shovels, saws—join in a tremendous chorus which may be heard for blocks.

The modern sky-scraper is really a great steel cage blanketed with stone, cement, and brick. Its walls and partitions are very thin as compared with the old-fashioned brick processes which took up room and gave less strength, which moreover, were slow and costly to erect. The new type of building stands for strength and economy—and speed.

It was new only a score of years ago. Then the people of Chicago marvelled over such a structure only nine storeys high. Pedestrians blocked the sidewalks in front of it and had to be dispersed by the police. To-day the fifty-storey sky-scraper has already ceased to be a wonder.

What does the future hold forth? Greater height? The architects say no; that a multitude of such structures will shut out light from the streets and make an ugly sky-line. The limit of height has been reached.

Greater speed, then? Yes, is all probability. The express sky-scraper is just beginning. Every one, from architect down, is working to further its speed. All are simplifying processes, inventing new mechanical aids, devising better building systems. Verily, soon we shall have "sky-scrappers while you wait!"

Ups and Downs of the Stock Market

By

George W. Brock

THERE comes a time in the life of a good many young men when the sporting page of the daily paper begins to divide its interest with the financial page. The change is a gradual one, but it is none the less significant. You will note the young clerk coming from the office, where he has been at work all day, snatch an evening paper from a newsboy and board a car for home. He will probably glance at the more important headlines on the front page, but it will not be long before his fingers slip in between the leaves and his eye scans the latest market news. In company with many thousands of his fellow-beings he is curious to know how the various active stocks have been behaving during the day. The chances are he has money invested in some one or other of them or he is watching for an opportunity to get in on a good thing.

The reports of sales and the stock quotations, which are to be found in every daily paper, are the records of the business transacted on the stock exchange. When we see, for instance, under the heading, Montreal Sales, such an item as this, "Soo com., 50 at 135," the meaning is simply this, that on the Montreal Stock Exchange, one broker has sold to another fifty shares of the common stock of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway Company, (commonly known as the Soo Road), for \$135 a share. The transaction has most likely been made for clients of the stock brokers.

One client wants to buy Soo common, the other wishes to sell Soo common, and this they are able to do through their respective brokers.

The evolution of the stock exchange has been a simple matter. Let us go back to the very beginning. Suppose a number of men join together to form a company. Each puts in one hundred dollars to start the business. If there are one hundred men, they will put up among them \$10,000, which becomes the capital of the company. To each contributor, the secretary issues a receipt for his hundred dollars. Now we can suppose that as time moves on, one of the hundred stockholders may wish to withdraw from the company. How is he going to get back his hundred dollars? The company is not in a position to return it to him, because all the money has been invested in machinery, let us say. He has to find some other individual who will take his place in the company. It can be readily seen that it will be quite an undertaking for him to search personally for a purchaser. Conversely there may be a man who would like to purchase a share in the company. For him, too, it would be no easy task to find a stockholder ready to sell. Imagine this situation multiplied by the establishment of many similar companies, with thousands of shareholders, and it will be quite apparent that the only solution will be for some man or men to make a business of bringing buyers and sellers together. The class of stock broker springs into

People never discover what a corrupt thing
society is until they can't get into it.—*John
Miles.*

existence and a stock exchange, where they can transact their business, is established.

But after all this is a very elementary way of looking at the business of buying and selling stocks. Other considerations and other influences have stepped in, which give a different complexion to the situation. Let us return for a moment to our hypothetical original company and suppose it has been in operation for a year, before any one wants to sell his stock in it. During that year one of two things may have happened; either the business of the company has been better than the investors figured it would be, or it has been worse. If it has been better, then the shareholder will consider that he is entitled to receive a little more than one hundred dollars for his holding. If it has been worse, he will be willing to sell at less than the hundred. It is in just this way that fluctuations begin and these fluctuations have come to-day to be the result of innumerable causes.

Of these causes, naturally, the simplest and strongest is the actual condition and prospects of a company, considered by itself, and gauged usually by the earnings. If a company is prospering, this prosperity should by rights be reflected in the value of the stock. A stock paying a dividend (interest on the money invested) of eight per cent., should, other things being equal, sell at a higher figure than one paying only seven per cent. Fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, this condition is influenced in a hundred ways by other conditions and can never be taken as a sole guide.

The element of speculation enters. A company may be seemingly doing remarkably well. Its stock may be considered an excellent buy, but the idea gains ground among certain shareholders that this condition is not going to last. They think to themselves, if we sell now at the present price, we will forestall the drop, which is sure to come, when the earnings begin to fall off. They start in to sell their holdings. It may be that there

are enough buyers, with confidence in the company, to purchase all the stock they have to offer at the market price, but the chances are more likely that there are not. The fact that the supply exceeds the demand, means that the sellers must lower their price in order to get rid of their stock. By the time the last man has unloaded, the price may be away down. All this time the company is prospering and increasing its earnings, so that the drop cannot be explained by its current condition. The drop is purely speculative, based on future beliefs as to its standing.

In a similar way, a number of buyers may speculate on increased earnings and larger dividends. They begin to buy and the price goes up, because the supply is smaller than the demand. Meanwhile the present condition of the company may be most unsatisfactory.

General commercial conditions have a great deal to do with the values of stocks. In a time of commercial depression stocks naturally decline in value, for the reason that the public need money to tide them over the stringency. The market is glutted with stocks and prices drop, because buyers are scarce. But here again we cannot depend on the market reflecting the exact condition of affairs, for the speculator figures on the depression before it comes and stocks reach their lowest point months before the lowest point of the depression is reached. Conversely stocks begin to go up before the better times return.

So far we have assumed that a buyer pays the full market value of the stock he buys in cash from his own pocket. It is true that this is frequently done, and it is really the most satisfactory and secure way of buying stock. People who buy this way usually do it for an investment, being content to receive their dividends and let their securities stay quietly locked up in a safe deposit vault. But there are other people, who, observing the way prices fluctuate, say to themselves, why should not I buy to-day at 80, in

the expectation of selling next week at 90. These people are the speculators. If they have sufficient cash they buy their stocks outright, and in so doing they do wisely. Unfortunately, human nature is not always fashioned of such cautious material. A more risky way has been devised to accommodate the adventurous. This is marginal buying.

Under a system of marginal buying a speculator is able to buy ten, twenty or even twenty-five shares, without expending more cash, than were he to buy a single share outright. If the stock goes up and he sells, he makes accordingly ten, twenty or twenty-five times as much. On the other hand, if the stock declines, he is liable to lose everything he put into it, and therein lies the risk. The idea behind marginal buying is that the purchaser buys the stock, paying usually ten points in cash, while the balance of the purchase money is made up by the broker, who either loans it himself or borrows it for the purpose. The purchaser must, of course, pay interest on this loan, and for reasons, which will appear later, the broker holds the stock.

Now, if the stock goes up and the purchaser sells it, he pockets the advance, less interest on the loan, and the brokerage involved in buying and selling. Provided a gain of five points is made and one hundred shares are dealt in, this gain amounts to \$500, from which interest and brokerage are to be deducted. But, supposing the stock goes down. The broker must protect himself from loss. He is bound to make good the amount of the loan, and this he can only do by selling the stock before it drops ten points, and thereby realizing enough to meet the loan, or else he can call on the purchaser of the stock to advance more money to cover further declines. If the holder of the stock is unable to do this, or reaches a limit beyond which he cannot pay, the broker sells the stock, takes what he requires to clear himself, and returns the balance, if any, to the unfortunate speculator.

Marginal trading, which is very extensively indulged in, has naturally a considerable bearing on the prices of stocks. The constant buying and selling of speculators, many of whom know absolutely nothing about the intrinsic merits or demerits of the stocks they deal in, cause inexplicable fluctuations, which upset all calculations.

While most people buy for a rise, there is a class of people, known in the vernacular as bears, who are always expecting declines. These people pursue a different policy. It is apparent that no one who expected a stock to fall would be willing to purchase it. Naturally, if they held any of it they would be anxious to sell. But they do not hold any of the stock. Believing that it is going to decline, they go to their broker and say in effect, "Lend me so many shares of such and such a stock, for which I will give you my cheque at the current market price, and then sell them for me." Now, if the stock declines, as they anticipate, they can re-purchase these shares on the market, return them to the broker, get back their cheque, and make profits equal to the difference between the price at which the shares were sold in the first place and bought in, in the second place. But, should the stock go up, the broker may want his shares back, and then the bears must re-purchase the stock at a higher figure, thereby losing the difference between the buying and selling prices.

Marginal trading is also carried on extensively by the bears. Instead of giving a cheque for the whole value of the stock loaned by the brokers, they put up five or ten points. Then if the price drops they realize the full amount of the decline, but if it goes up, they are compelled to keep up their margin, or else lose all they put in.

Sometimes arrangements are made for the loan of stock for a definite period of time, but usually the requirement is that the stock should be returned on demand, because the broker

has to secure it very often from third parties.

It can be readily seen that the bears exercise a very considerable influence on prices, and it is, generally speaking, a healthy influence, for it tends to prevent undue inflation of prices. Between the two opposing forces, stocks fluctuate to an extent that makes any definite forecasts as to prospective moves most difficult to render.

Summing up, the stock market presents a complexity of influences, which no man on earth can gauge accurately. Only close students of the market can hope to make big gains in speculation. It is therefore the wiser course to buy for investment, purchasing

standard stocks, which have demonstrated good earning qualities. Opportunities may come to sell at an advance, and such opportunities should be taken advantage of, but for the average business man or woman, who has other things to think about, it is a serious mistake to start speculating pure and simple. Where purchases are made outright, the buyer can watch the fluctuations of the stock composedly, knowing that if it goes up he is so much better off, and, if it goes down, he does not lose all he put into the purchase and still draws his dividend.

[Editor's Note.—Next month we will publish an informative article on "Pointers in Buying Stocks."]

Lifters and Leaners

By

Courtenay Barber

THERE are just two kinds of people in the world—the people who lift and the people who lean.

The one great *World Purpose* was revealed to man nineteen centuries ago. That purpose is to lift man up from where he is to where he ought to be.

A great up-lifting power, divine in its inception, and infinite in its purpose, is ceaselessly working under, behind, and through all the forces of the world that relate to the interests of man. This power relates to and works through the individual—that means you and me. Think of it! This greatest of all powers is only to be used for lifting the individual up and thereby up-lifting the world of individuals.

If you and I are to do any lifting, we must allow this power to work through us. This means that we must be inspired with this world-purpose and have a great controlling desire to contribute to it, before this irresistible power can work through us. When it

works through us, it expresses itself in an eagerness to take hold of and lift up everything that relates to this world-purpose.

It makes traveling up-hill a joy.

Obstacles only increase the desire and power of the lifter.

Every lift brings the lifter up to a higher point of vision where his passion for expansion satisfies itself more and more as he gets a nearer and larger view of the magnificent heights to which man is capable of reaching. All this if he only sees the vision of the great world-purpose and desires to be a part of it.

The earth is like a road, and a good place to travel in but a poor place to go to sleep in.

The lifter is the only one who does any traveling.

The leaner enjoys continuous sleep. In the theatre of life along this road, the lifter is the actor, the leaner is the looker-on.

System and Business Management

Retail Merchandising a Science

By

W. J. Pilkington

WHEN one discusses the business of the retail merchant from the scientific standpoint he at once must contend and work against prejudices of the average person against a subject with the word "scientific" attached to it. I know and we all know that usually when one speaks of a scientific proposition we at once think of the college professor. We are willing to let the university and the college take care of and study the scientific problems, but to business men and merchants to-day, as ever before, the studying of the retail business from the scientific standpoint is of vast importance. Never before in the history of the business world have we undergone the revolutionary conditions we are undergoing to-day.

The retail business is not done to-day even as it was a year ago, let alone twenty years ago. Many and many a retail merchant who fifteen, twenty or twenty-five years ago, found it comparatively easy to make a little money, to-day has discovered that it is almost impossible for him to make a respectable living and interest on the money invested. This man to-day will say to you that some way or other things have changed.

They tell you that years ago they were making a little money, but to-day it is hard for them to do so.

The trouble with such a man is that conditions have changed and they

have not. They fail to understand that to-day, as never before, it is not only one's neighbor who is his competitor, but it is every other man on the face of the earth. Our fast railroad trains, our electric lines, our telephones, telegraph systems, wireless telegraphy and rural mail delivery have made of us one family. To-day the retail merchant must compete with every other retail merchant in the civilized world. No longer is trade in local boundaries bound to him. It goes where it pleases, it goes to the men who to-day know how to appeal to it and reach it scientifically.

It is time that as business people we understood that nothing happens in the retail business. Every condition existing in your business exists because something has caused it to exist. It exists because some scientific, fixed or natural law, whatever you please to call it, has brought about the condition. It is time that our merchants understand that everything in our business is ruled and regulated by fixed laws and principles. These laws and principles are the same to-day that they were when Adam and Eve were in the dress-making business. These laws never have changed and never will change. When once the retail world understands these principles, understands the basic principles involved in the retail business, then we will begin to remedy

many of the existing conditions. Once the retail merchant knows that every condition in his business is the result of a fixed law, then he will see it is best to know what these fixed laws are, and what the effects of their violations produce.

See here, Mr. Retail Merchant, every time you violate one of these fixed, scientific or natural laws, you of necessity must pay the penalty for the violation. It makes no difference how shrewd you are, how wealthy you are, or how poor you are, a violation of one of these fixed laws brings on you the penalty, the punishment. You cannot escape it, whatever course you pursue. If there is a condition existing in your business that is not satisfactory, that is not as it should be, it of itself is prima facie evidence that you have violated some fixed scientific law.

Let us apply this same principle to our physical bodies and we find we cannot violate any fixed law governing our human bodies without paying the penalty of the violation. You abuse some function of your body, you cross the fixed laws and the result is a diseased condition and this disease is the penalty nature visits on you for a violation of her laws. None of us expect to escape these penalties once we violate these laws.

Another thing, whenever you violate one of the laws governing your body you bring about a penalty, a diseased condition, and never again is that body the same as it was before. Some place, somehow, the disease will leave its scar. It maybe you cannot see the scar but nevertheless it is there. Because the unchangeable laws of nature and science tell us that that scar must be there. You can no more violate one of these scientific, fixed laws, governing your body and escape the penalty of the violation than you can violate one of the fixed laws governing your business as a retail merchant and escape the penalty. Don't you see that both of them are dealing with scientific and fixed laws

and the result must be the same in both instances.

Let us go further and see if we can apply these same principles to other phases of life. First, what is a "wrong," how do you produce a "wrong?" There is only one way to bring about a "wrong" and that is to violate some fixed, scientific, natural law. You absolutely cannot produce a "wrong" in any other way. Now then, a man commits a crime, we will say he steals a horse. When he has stolen that horse he has violated a fixed law of right between man and man, and the next step you take is to try him in a court of justice, sentence him to the penitentiary and that is called the "punishment" for the violation of the law. This man serves his sentence and is dismissed from the institution. Now mind you he violated a scientific, fixed law, he has paid the penalty, but mark you, as long as that man lives on the face of this earth his life bears the scar of that penalty. He may go to the ends of the earth, he may change his name, he may change his occupation, but never, never, can he efface the scar that penalty leaves on his life.

You can apply this same principle to any phase of life and you get identically the same results. The facts are, you can take this same principle into vegetable life and by violations of fixed laws you get fixed penalties. Mr. Merchant, does not this present to you a phase of the retail business that possibly you have never considered before? It makes of the retail business a serious problem.

The trouble with you and I is when we see a condition existing in the retail business it is the effect. We forget that the thing we see is the effect and not the cause. We at once busy ourselves in trying to overcome it. We adopt premium schemes and plans and this and that, trying to overcome the thing we see, but all the time, down below the whole problem, is the cause, and it is grinding away day after day

and night after night, producing a new batch of effects.

If the retail merchant before he had gone into the business had attended a school and been educated as a retail merchant, if he had been taught where to look for causes and what effects certain causes would produce, he would at once know where to look, and once he found the cause it would be remedied in a short time. The time will come when a young man wanting to enter the retail business will first attend a school and receive a technical education having to do with the business. Such a preparation will make it possible for the same man to, in five years' time, get the practical experience that otherwise it would take him from twenty to forty years to get. Mr. Merchant, the trouble with you is you have "happened" into your business instead of going into it because you had taken an inventory of your qualifications and made up your mind that you were fitted for the business. Too many times men have gone into the retail business because they were looking for something "easy" instead of sitting down calmly and deciding that they were by nature and by natural qualifications, fitted to make a success of the retail business.

Mr. Merchant, to-day you are practically the only man out of the whole realm of life who is not educated for his business before he goes into it. You are the "tag end" of the whole procession when it comes to preparing for your calling. The doctor, the lawyer, the preacher, prepare for their professions. Your railroad lines, your electric lines, your factories are all laid out and planned and equipped and many times operated by men who have received a technical education fitting them for the things they are doing in life.

To-day the blacksmith finds that by attending certain schools he becomes a better blacksmith. The automobile builder does the same thing, and in many of our schools we find them instituting an agricultural department where boys and girls are taught the

science of agriculture. In some schools, girls are taught the science of cooking. But show us the retail merchant who has attended a school to study the science of retailing. The time will come, Mr. Merchant, when you will study your business out of a text book. You will study your business out of a book just the same as Johnny studies his multiplication table out of a book. True, we will never be able to do away with the value of practical experience, but we can make the practical experience of more value by first laying a foundation for it.

The traveling man, the real one, to-day looks upon his calling as a profession and he studies his business out of a text book. He gets the basic principles involved in it. It makes no difference what you may sell, whether it be dry goods, or shoes, or clothing, or drugs, or whatever it may be, the basic principles involved in one are the same as those involved in the sale of any other thing.

One great trouble with the retail world is that we have gone to seed over the "buying end" of the business. Let me say to you that the buying end of your business is the least important one. It is not a question of buying goods to-day. Any fool with credit or money can buy goods, but the question is, "can he sell them at a profit?" It is not uncommon to have a merchant put a couple of hundreds in his pocket, grab his night gown and start for market. He thinks nothing of spending two or three hundred dollars in going to market and buying goods, but have you heard of any of them spending a ten dollar bill to learn how to sell more goods; to learn how to get more profit out of his business.

The facts are, nearly the whole problem in the retail business to-day is in the selling end of it. Factories can erect buildings, miles long, for the production of goods, but their problem, the same as yours, is the question of selling these goods at a profit. The traveling man comes to you and of course he takes "buying" to you. He emphasizes the "buying"

end" of your business, when in the very act of doing so, he himself is emphasizing the "selling end" of your business, and you merchants have not awakened to the fact that you are making the mistake when you argue with the traveling salesman over a few cents, when you are losing hundreds of dollars by not knowing the selling end of your business.

It is impossible to cover all the phases of the retail business in one article. And let me say to you, that what I am saying right here is not a question of theory, it is a question of having worked it out in actual practice. The facts are, instead of being a theorist, I have been on all sides of the counter, back of it, in front of it, on top of it, and even under it. I have come from a family of retail merchants, and in addition to this it has been my pleasure to come in touch with thousands of retail merchants of every part of America. Their problems have been presented in a way that any one with ordinary intelligence could not help but see what the problems involved are.

Now then, I want to take up this question of "retailing" on the installment plan and see whether or not we can apply this thing we call "science" to the different phases of the retail business. If we cannot, then we are on the wrong track, but if we can then it proves that the principles we are advocating are right.

First, let us discuss the buying end of your business. Let us see whether or not there are any scientific problems involved in it. The first I think of is the study of economics. I mean, know the financial conditions of the people of your community. As a good buyer it is your business to know the earning capacity of the people of your community. If you are in a community which is a manufacturing district, know what the salary list of these people has been for the last two or three years and then get some idea of what they are liable to be for the current year. If you are in an agricultural community, know in dollars and

cents what the farmers of your community produced for the last three or four years, and then, if you can, get an idea of what the conditions are liable to be this year. You ask, "why is this necessary?" Simply this, let me say to you that every community and every individual has a buying capacity. I mean every community and every individual ought to spend a certain amount of their earnings for the luxuries and necessities of life. Don't forget now about this buying capacity, because we will come back to it later on. Further, if any community or individual buys over or under this buying capacity, somebody pays the penalty, because here again you run into those same scientific, fixed laws which apply all along the way. The man who eats beefsteak instead of liver all the time is a better man for it. If he eats better food and wears better clothes and lives in a better house he is a better business man. You and I think more of ourselves and hold our heads higher when we have on a \$30 suit of clothes than we do when we have on a \$10 suit. You and I are better men and women when we ride in an automobile than when we ride in a wheelbarrow.

The community, or the individual, who buys over their capacity, when a stringency comes, when there is a strike or lockout, or whatever the conditions may be, pays the penalty through hardships of the family. They go beyond their means and these people find this fixed penalty being visited on them.

The individuals who under-buy their capacity find another penalty attached to them. Whenever the individuals pay less than they should for the necessities and luxuries of life, they become poorer citizens. They have a dwarfed citizenship or a dwarfed life. This is illustrated by a story of a young man, who in attending school found at the end of the term he was out of money. He got a job selling Bibles — fancy ones — out through the country. One day he stopped at the home of an old maid

and he found in her home only one table and that an old rickety kitchen table. He found the floors were made of old boards with cracks between. There was no paper or paint on the walls. You can imagine what the place looked like. The young man sold her a Bible. Another young man delivered the Bible. After he had gone the old maid laid the Bible on her kitchen table. What a contrast — this would never do. The next time she went down town, she bought a centre table, placed it in the middle of the floor and placed her Bible on it. That looked worse than ever, she had to buy a rug to cover up the cracks in the floor and then the walls had to be fixed up. The last we heard of her she had bought an automobile. Some times these things amuse us, but it shows the development which can be brought about to bring them up to the buying capacity, not only doing the individual a kindness but you have done the government a kindness by making a better citizen.

The average merchant buys because some good salesman comes along and talks him into it. He buys not because he has deliberately sat down and figured out what he was going to buy and then stuck to it. It is this very weakness of the average merchant that leads to so much over buying. We are safe in saying that ninety per cent. of the failures among retail merchants are caused by over buying. They either buy more than the people of the community can absorb or more than their capital can handle, both phases of over buying.

The next scientific principle we find involved in the buying of goods is that of "suggestion," being able to say to the traveling salesman the thing you want him to do and then make him do it. You know, we all know, if we have had experience, that there are merchants who are continually getting a little better price, a little better discount, or some favor of this kind, that other merchants are not getting. Many and many a retail merchant is doing these things by handling the

salesman just right, practising the science of suggestion, but he does not recognize the fact that he is doing so.

Mr. Merchant, there is no greater force in the retail world to-day than that of "suggestion," being able to tell people the very thing you want them to do and then by suggestion make them do it. The facts are, you and I are creatures of suggestion. Every day of our lives we live by it, and in this article I want to give you some of the particular phases of suggestion as I have seen them in traveling around over the country. These are not things I have read out of books, but they are things I have seen with my own eyes.

One day a friend of mine in discussing suggestion, said he believed it was possible to talk "sour" so forcefully, and so stressfully to a man that you could touch a lump of sugar to the man's tongue and the nerves would report "sour" to the brain. These things can be done. I remember one evening in a northwestern city of sneaking to a court room full of merchants and salespeople. The room was crowded full and when I was telling them what it was possible for one to do with suggestion, I noticed an old gentleman with a long beard sitting in front of me. I thought I would experiment. I leaned over the railing and I put the end of my finger near that man's nose and talked "sour" with all my energy. In just a moment, to my astonishment, the old man's face puckered up. What he was doing, tasting sour, and he was the only sour thing in the room. He was taking in that suggestion, he was doing the thing I suggested him to do. He was the living example of the power of "suggestion."

We all have seen friends return from California and they have a regular ecstasy over the beauty of the country. They tell us of the wonderful beauty out there; they tell of the flowers being higher than the houses; they tell us it is the most beautiful place on the face of the earth, when the facts are there is no more Gold-

forsaken country on the face of the earth than California, when we speak of it as a whole being beautiful. California has its good qualities, but the reason people see beauty when they go out there is because, for forty years, California in her advertising, has been telling us that these things exist and for us to come and see them, and we find the things we are told to look for. Take the advertising matter of the railroad companies running their trans-continental trains to the Pacific Coast. What kind of pictures do they use in these ads? Did you ever see them, in these advertisements, picture one of the awful dust storms they have in California? Did you ever see them picture one of the God-forsaken deserts out there? No, you don't see these things. This is what you see, probably two shade trees with a hammock strung between the trees, and in the hammock is a young lady, either reading or fanning herself; with a young man beside the hammock. What does the picture mean? Possibly it means a wedding for all we know, but it means idleness, contentment, ease, beauty, sunshine. It suggests all the things we expect or contemplate when we go on a vacation. Cannot you see what the person who designed that ad. is getting at? They are simply suggesting to you and I the things they want us to contemplate when we come out there, because they know we will find the things we look for.

We have all been in railroad depots when trains were late, and we have seen some one grab their grip and start for the door, and every one goes along. Why? It is not because they heard a train, but they did it because the individual suggested a train was coming. Well do I remember of being in the Rock Island depot in Des Moines last February, when all trains were late. After waiting about two hours a gentleman suddenly grabbed his grip and started out the door for the platform. We all went out after him. When all had gotten out he turned to us with a sickly grin and walked

back, and in a while he did the same thing again, and this man worked the same trick on us three times. When he did it the third time I walked to him and took him by the hand and told him "he was a dandy." He was —he illustrated to us what could be done by suggestion.

As another illustration of what suggestion can do, I remember of being on the Chicago & Northwestern train in South Dakota. The news agent came in with a basket piled full of packages of crackerjack. He put the basket on the front seat, opened a package and then walked through the car distributing samples of his crackerjack. After he had sampled the crowd, he went back to the front end of the car and started to sell crackerjack. When he had gotten as far as the second seat, he stopped, looked to the back end of the car, raised his hand and then in a voice so every one could hear him, said, "Yes, don't be in a hurry, I will be back there pretty soon." He had only gotten to the third seat when he raised his hand and rather indignantly said, "Well, don't be in such a hurry, I will be back there in a minute." For the time I did not have sense enough to get next to what the fellow was doing. Three days after this I was on the same road and in comes the same news agent with his basket of crackerjack. He samples every one, just the same as he had done before. He started to sell his crackerjack and he got to that same second seat; he raised his hand and looked to the back of the car and says, "Yes, I will be back there." I turned in my seat and looked to the back end of the car, and there was not a living soul saying anything about crackerjack. This young man was suggesting to the people in the front end of the car that everyone in the back of the car wanted to buy crackerjack. And he sold crackerjack.

Mr. Merchant, it is not true that you and I sit around and wonder what there is we can do to help business. We wonder what we can do to

change conditions, and all about us are these things people are using day after day to bring success to them. The facts are, Mr. Merchant, success is an easy thing to attain. All you need to do is to appeal to human nature. Once you know how and then use it, success is yours. Let me say to you that human nature responds every time it is properly touched and it always responds in the same way. Human nature in the American Indian is just the same as human nature in the retail merchant. If our human natures were not all the same, it would be impossible for a national advertiser to so prepare his copy as to appeal to the people in all parts of the United States, or even the world. Let me go further and say, that once you and I know what these fixed principles governing business are; what these fixed laws governing human nature are; once we understand these, and then stick right by them, and never deviate, success is ours. Nothing can stop us. If it were possible to do this there would be no power on the face of the earth to keep us from being successes. It is no trick to sit down and figure two and put another figure two under it and multiply and get the answer four. We do it because mathematics is a fixed science, is a fixed scientific principle, and it will always produce the same results, and while of course the retail business is not a fixed science, yet the principles involved in it are so nearly fixed that generally speaking we can depend upon results by using given methods. Of course we would be foolish to say that the retail business was a fixed science because there is only one or two of such, but we are gradually working out the scientific problems involved in this thing until we have nearly a fixed science out of it.

Oh, merchants, the trouble is we don't think enough; no, we do not think enough. Do you know that today the success muscle is not in your arms, that is not where success lies nowadays. The success muscle is up

there in your brain. It is a question to-day of brain energy and not muscle energy. It is a question of thought, a question of brain action instead of feet and legs action. You can hire men to work from their neck down for \$1.50 a day, but try to hire a few to work from their neck up and see what you will pay them. Mr. Merchant, be a "neck-upper" instead of a "neck-downer." Russia had bull strength enough that she could have taken every Jap and drowned them in the ocean one at a time, but she got beaten just the same, and to-day historians are writing that Russia was defeated because Japan had beat her at head work.

You merchants have no business with the broom and poker. You have no business in washing windows and doing the chores and waiting on trade. You can hire people for eight or ten dollars a week to do this work, and are you, by doing this work, going to confess to the world that your time is not worth any more than this? Your place is to be the brains of the business. It is your place to do the thinking and let some one else do the manual labor.

So many of you merchants think you have to work hard; that you have to put in long days, that you have to wait on trade; that you must spend long, long hours in your store. Say, brother, don't you know that to-day it is the man who spends the least number of hours at his desk who is drawing the biggest salary? Business management is a question of nervous force, and in order to drive your business you must husband that nervous force and you cannot do it by keeping your stores open until eight, nine or ten o'clock at night. You make the biggest mistake of your life when you do this thing. Look about you, the large merchant succeeds because his days are short and he has his nervous force, his thinking energy, with which to drive his business.

Some Essentials of Good Advertising

By

High Chalmers

THIS question of advertising is, of course, a very big one. I think advertising is the biggest thing in the world, from many standpoints. In the first place, there is more money spent on it than on almost anything else; and it also has to do with the world's biggest problem—to-day is that of distribution of the goods from where they are to where they ought to be. Advertising is one of the big factors in that distribution.

Advertising and salesmanship are the chief agents of distribution. They are one and the same thing, practically, because all salesmanship is advertising, and all advertising is salesmanship, in my opinion. Advertising is salesmanship plus publicity. Salesmanship is advertising plus getting the order signed.

Two other factors of distribution are transportation and population. We must have the population first to create the demand, and then we must have the transportation, and I believe to-day that the question which is agitating the country—that of high prices and the increased cost of living—is largely a question of distribution. If goods were properly distributed in certain parts of the country there would not be such high prices.

Now advertising, in my opinion, needs one thing most of all, and that is: it needs to be advertised.

I think most advertising men are too close to their businesses to realize that everybody does not believe in advertising; that a great number of people—thousands and hundreds of thousands of people—still believe that they buy goods cheaper from concerns who don't spend big money in advertising than from those who do. Of course,

those of us who are close to that proposition know that is wrong. We know that advertising creates a demand, and creates it in such volume that we can afford to make, and do make, articles cheaper, and market them for less money than otherwise could be done. But lots of people need to be told that.

Those of you who have traveled abroad know that advertising is unknown in Europe; over there the surest sign that you are a fakir is that you advertise. Advertising in this country has gone through a great change in the last ten years—you will all admit that—because there have been more integrity and more business methods put into it than ever before. But many people yet, as I have said, don't believe in it; and it is up to the advertising men themselves to teach people to believe in advertising.

Now salesmanship gives individual lessons, while advertising conducts a public school, because a salesman is privileged to talk to only one or two persons at a time; but the advertising man is a man who is talking to millions of people at a time.

In final analysis, what is the object of advertising and salesmanship? To distribute goods at a profit. How can it best be done? By teaching the people.

There are three ways of selling goods: first, orally; second, by printed matter; and third, by pictures. These are the only ways of selling goods.

Now then, teaching is one thing that puts all salesmanship and all advertising on the same basis—you are teaching the people all the time. There is no greater builder of confidence—and that is the bedrock of all business—there is no greater builder of

confidence than advertising, because big advertising looks like big sales, and unconsciously creates confidence in the minds of the public.

Now, I believe, gentlemen—and I am talking to you plainly as an advertiser, as a man who spends his money with you—I believe if there was ever a time for specific statements in selling the goods you are dealing in, that to-day is the time—the direct statement period—when people are interested in knowing exactly why. To-day is the time for reason-why advertising.

I have been in the manufacturing business all my life, and I found out a few years ago why it was easier to make things than to sell them. Anybody with money can go into the manufacturing business, because money can buy machinery, materials, and the services of men. But it does not follow that because any man can make things that he can sell them.

Now, what is the difference? The difference is this: In one case you are dealing with methods of machinery; and in the other case you are dealing with the human mind. You can pretty well gauge, in this period of automatic machinery—how much you can turn out. But when you come to sell it, you are dealing with the human mind. You cannot measure it. Why? Because the human mind has prejudices and is subject to change. So I say in one case you can measure what you can do, and in the other case you cannot.

As to the selling proposition: When a man makes a sale, that sale does not take place in the order-book or the check-book or the pocket-book; but every sale that is made to-day—whether it is a paper of pins or a railroad—first takes place in the human mind. Fortunately for us, humanity has always wanted teachers, and the man who wants to succeed to-day will go into the teaching business and convince the people to have confidence in him and in what he has to sell.

Advertising and salesmanship form a connecting link between invention

and use of any article. I can say without fear of contradiction that advertising and salesmanship have pushed the world ahead commercially faster than anything else. Why? Because they teach the people that these inventions are the things they ought to have, and because the best invention in the world would be useless, valueless if people did not know about it and use it.

I go a little farther, perhaps, than some advertisers do in this matter of postal rates which the Government is agitating just now. I think every publication should stand its just proportion, but I should hate to see any discrimination which would place advertising on a different basis. I honestly believe that the advertising section and the advertising pages of all publications are just as much disseminators of news and as important in informing and teaching the people as the editorial pages are. I know a great many people who wouldn't take a magazine if the advertising was omitted.

Coming back again to the subject of salesmanship, printed salesmanship—what is salesmanship? Salesmanship, in last analysis, is nothing more or less than making the other fellow feel as you do about the goods you have to sell.

Now then, how can that be done? It is done by appealing to his mind. It is done by argument; it is done by direct statement.

And right here let me say that in a great deal of advertising copy we shoot over the heads of about nine-tenths of our readers. You are appealing to a man's mind when you sell him something; and you cannot convince him until he understands. He will not understand unless you put it in Anglo-Saxon words, the smaller the better—so that the man who has no education can understand what you are talking about; then it is a clinch that the college graduate will.

Advertising is a process of salesmanship; but it is more than salesmanship. Advertising means the in-

surance of a continuance of trade. There are two objects in advertising: first, to sell the output—that is the first object of anybody in advertising; and second—no less important than the first in my opinion—to establish a name and insure the continuance of the business.

If I were absolutely sure I could sell all our output during 1910, 1911, and 1912, and had a guarantee of it in my pocket, I wouldn't spend a dollar less than we are spending to-day in advertising.

Why?

Because my vision of our business is not bounded by the year 1912. We want to continue to advertise in order to insure that our business will continue. When you shut off advertising you shut off your source of supply. In order to sell one thousand automobiles we have to convince a million minds.

There are, in my opinion, two things that are hurting advertising. First, we will have to clear up the agency situation, and convince people that agencies have the first essential to success—absolute honesty.

And the second thing is no less important than the first, and that is that publication circulations shall be just what they are presented to be. If I buy 5,000 axes for automobiles, and they only deliver 4,000, you can rest assured I don't pay for the fifth thousand; why should it be different in advertising?

Then again, there is too much of bad advertising—too much of what I

might call, to use a slang expression, too much "hot air" in advertising.

There is no mystery about writing good copy; there is nothing to it but good, common, hard sense. That is all there is to advertising anyway.

Writing copy is to a very great extent saying to your reader what you would say to him if you were in front of him.

I also believe that the first few lines or first paragraph in any advertisement is the most important, because whether or not a man reads all the way through depends wholly on you.

In selling goods you are throwing thoughts at a man—whether you throw them orally or on paper doesn't make any difference—you are throwing thoughts at that man, and his brain catches just what you throw at him. So you can't throw insincerity and have him catch sincerity. He is unconsciously affected by your sincerity or insincerity.

I want to say again, in conclusion, that I believe that the publisher, the advertiser and the public are all bound in a great community of interests in this advertising business; because just in proportion as the publisher keeps his sheet clean—keeps his editorial page right; obtains the reputation of being too pure to be bought, too brave to be bullied—does he make those blank pages that he sells valuable to advertisers; and just as the people believe in the character of the publication, in just the same proportion will they believe in the character of the advertising it carries.

Helping Your Customer to Pay

VERY well, if you want to lose a \$200 order I can go to a store where I already have an account and get the curtains there." The large lady switched her back upon the department store's regretful credit man and departed. The credit man turned a large smile upon a waiting visitor and said:

"Can you imagine any possible reason why she wished to favor us with her \$200 charge purchase when she already has an account elsewhere?"

The visitor grinned back. He was from a bustling western town of seven thousand inhabitants, proprietor of a general-merchandise store, and rated at B2 or so. Enjoying a needed vaca-

tion by studying the ways of business in the metropolis, he had happened in on his old-time friend, this credit man.

"Charging goods in retail stores is getting to be all the rage," he had explained. "I'll sit here and watch you sift 'em out." Now he answered the credit man's question:

"Because she has reached the limit there?"

"No. Because she is careless about her payments, although good for them, and has been jolted by the accountant. Gave that much away by saying: 'I understand some of these stores act as if you were cheating them if you don't pay on the minute, but I suppose you are not like that.'"

"Then if you had been willing to open the account the other concern really would have lost her trade?"

"They'll probably lose it any way. They can afford to. I guess, whoever they are. But it was unnecessary to drive her away. My reason for declining to open the account was that we have a rule to refuse people we know will give our collector a run for his money. What's the use?"

"It would be all up with me, I fear," sighed the visitor, "if I turned down any of our people for that reason."

"Every man must decide for himself. But as a rule the minute a merchant does business on a personal instead of a business basis he courts failure—a mighty willing bride. My rash is over for to-day, suppose I tell you some things about this end of the business."

"Salesmen in wholesale houses here in the city will take any man's order for any quantity of goods, enter the order in good black ink on real paper, eagerly assure him that his shipping directions will be carefully observed, thank him profusely, and do it all gladly, sincerely. The new customer remarks on his satisfaction with the way this house does business, and departs wondering to himself why it should be so easy to beat a city merchant."

"Now, Johnnie, suppose some woman of your town whom you never

saw before should rustle in and command you to send her thus and so amounting to \$28 to be "just charged to me, Mrs. George Adams Clarke," and glide out, what would you do?"

"What would I do?" replied the visitor, expectantly.

"Probably you'd send the goods and contract insomnia. The wholesale house with a thousand times your capital can't afford to risk losing its goods, but it can afford to risk losing the customer. And any honest, fair-minded person, the only kind deserving credit, would rather do business with a prudent merchant than with an easy-go-lucky one. The wholesaler looks up the customer, not up to him, as you do, and only when he is every whit sure that the account is a safe one does he ship the goods. Can you afford to be less careful? Are you a merchant or a philanthropist during business hours?"

"But you must bear in mind, Jim," warned the visitor, "that in a place like C— you can't look up your fellow townspeople that way."

"So? Well, you go to the bank to borrow a thousand and see if they can't look you up, and you're one of the fellow townspeople, aren't you?"

"Now, there are just five kinds of customers a retail merchant has to deal with, and he is entitled to know to which class each customer belongs: Cash; charge, with prompt settlement; with irregular settlement; with installment settlement; with forced settlement."

"The cash customer is the salt of business. He is the high-water mark of desirability. He is a rare specimen."

"Immediately a cash customer asks for credit, be on your guard exactly as with an entirely new customer; especially so if the applicant for credit has moved to town within a year and lives in a rented house. You will help such people to pay their bills by coming to a clear understanding at the very start. If you can do this with the person who airily says: 'Just charge it,' and starts to go, you can do it with any one, so take that style as a starter."

Don't grow red with pleasure and hurriedly scrawl the name on your roll of wrapping. Lift up your proprietary voice and pleasantly inquire: "To yourself or to Mr. Chester?" If to the latter, subside and, if you think you know enough about the people to chance a month's custom, go ahead. If not, send a boy to Mr. Chester's place of business with a printed form letter something like this:

Mrs. Chester has favored us with an order to be charged to you.

As a customary business preliminary will you kindly return this form filled in below?

Thanking you for your patronage, etc.

"In the space below print the usual questions and cross out any you consider unnecessary. The form signed and returned is your authorization to open the account. The questions can include: Names of two business references? Owner or lease of house you are living in? Maximum amount of the account? Settlement, weekly or monthly?"

The last question places the customer on record as to when he intends to pay, and places you on record as expecting it then."

The visitor shut his eyes and sighed blissfully. "If I only could," he said.

"Well, Johnnie, all I can say is, if that letter loses you the customer, thank your stars you sent it. But why should it? If you carry an entirely up-to-date stock, with a reputation for having the articles everybody hears about and reads about; if you are making your store wanted in the town, you won't need to curry favor by giving away stuff to dead beats. And just bear in mind that the fellow who does trust indiscriminately will certainly smash, and you'll get his customers on your own terms."

"But suppose she says, 'To me.' What then?"

"You will have reached a crisis in your career, my boy, but remain cool and brave. And smiling. Explain to the lady that you are glad to do it, and would like to have one or two

particulars without which you cannot protect her. Her full name and her husband's? Will he or she settle the account, and will it be weekly or monthly? Shall you deliver goods on any order besides hers?"

"If the customer is taking your merchandise with her, and you have the least doubt, let the value of the stuff determine if you will or won't chance it. In any case learn all about her as speedily as possible, and if your investigations are disturbing write her for business references, and say if she prefers not to give them you prefer not to continue the account. But you will do wisely to have the husband or father assume responsibility for the account in every case, with or without the customer's knowledge."

"But don't get a wrong idea in your head. You are in business to sell goods and the charge system is intended to increase sales, not to lessen them. Let every customer who suggests credit understand that you want to give it—and that it will be his fault if you can't. But you want to, Johnnie, not for his sake, but for your own! Never put yourself in your customer's place in such matters."

"Our methods here might not fit your needs, but the principles are the same. We follow up unpaid monthly statements with a courteous reminder in one week; a surprised reminder in two weeks; and a surprising reminder in three, for by that time the account is doubling up. The third reminder is a positive demand for settlement and our irresistible collector follows close behind. We'd rather lose an acquaintance than an account; wouldn't you, Johnnie?"

The visitor had been listening, and at the same time glancing over the credit man's form letters. "These would never do for C—," he argued. "My name would be mud in a week's time."

"Not with honest people, Johnnie. But get up your own letters and use sense and tact. Remember that in getting your customer to keep his ac-

count paid you are holding his trade. He will run away from an unpaid balance and buy elsewhere for cash, but if he knows he keeps his account paid up with you he will naturally buy of you as a matter of right. And, of course, you can't treat everybody alike. Give unlimited credit when you know the account is solid, but still send out some sort of reminders with some sort of system. Customers

that are absolutely safe within reasonable limit, but slow, handle a little sharper. And use this prompt system with those you are afraid of."

"Help your customers to keep paid up, and you'll hold their trade and good will. No man ever thanks you in the long run for letting him get into a lingering obligation to you."—The Circle.

Honesty as a Factor in Salesmanship

By

J. E. Bullard

A FEW years ago I had occasion to visit New York City several times. Each time I passed a skyscraper which was in the course of erection. I noted the care and thought expended on the structure from the foundation up and how thoroughly everything was done. It seemed that the building was designed to last as long as the native rock forming the base of its foundation.

The following winter I read Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture* and was strongly impressed by the chapter on honesty.

A few more months found me in Chicago. Walking down the magnificent Midway I entered Jackson Park. There for the first time I saw the ruins of one of the buildings which graced the exhibition grounds during the Columbian Exposition. This building was not twenty years old, yet, when viewed from a distance, it reminded me of the ruins at Rome and Athens. As I came nearer, however, and saw the lath sticking out where the plaster had fallen away a feeling of disgust came over me. The words of Ruskin came rushing into my mind and I could not help comparing the results of honesty with those of dishonesty and deceit.

How well these two classes of buildings illustrate the relative success of the honest man and the dishonest man. Nevertheless, in the face of all this we often hear such expressions as the following: "You cannot do business honestly." "You cannot sell goods and tell the truth!" I, however, cannot recall hearing a single person who could be called truly successful use them.

All the truly successful men I have ever talked with, or ever heard talk, preached honesty.

I find the biggest companies and the largest business houses, as a rule, the most honest.

The most successful men have been the greatest preachers of honesty. George Washington is spoken of the world over as the man who could not tell a lie.

Benjamin Franklin, to whom Philadelphia owes nearly all that is lasting and good in her, was a great preacher of honesty.

No new movement has ever prospered and grown strong that did not build its doctrines and principles on honesty.

"Honesty is the best policy" is a very old adage, but, as I said before,

there are some people who still take exception to it.

Honesty in business may be best defined as fairness in dealings. Our adage then reads, "Fairness in dealings is the best business policy."

The public demands fairness in sports and war. Why should not business be considered on as high a plane as athletics and the army or the navy?

At one time it was considered degrading to take up business. Honor in business was then unlooked for. Now honorable men can enter an active business career and lose none of their honor or prestige. Why then should we not expect to find fairness in business?

I will consider honesty as a factor in selling under what I believe to be the three most important heads:

First: truthfulness, that is, telling nothing but the absolute truth.

Second: one price, that is, using all alike and never discriminating.

Third: presentation, that is, showing your prospect the very best use he can make of your goods.

First, in regard to truthfulness.

In a way the salesman is under oath to tell the truth. If a witness in a murder trial should cause the conviction of an innocent man by telling nothing but lies, every one would consider him worse than the real murderer.

The salesman is trying to get his prospect to give up something that by many is considered of far more value than life itself, and to obtain which many men will lose their lives. In other words he is trying to get them to give up money.

Why then isn't the man who will tell even the smallest lie to sell goods as bad as the man who causes the death of an innocent man by false testimony?

As a matter of fact the untruthful salesman is just as dangerous and not quite so respectable as rats in the hold of a large wooden ship loaded with passengers. He is burrowing holes in our great craft of credit upon which depends the livelihood and the very

existence of our ever-increasing population. Any damage done to the country's credit will cause far more suffering and distress than the death of one man possibly could.

Second, consider one price. Have you ever attended a baseball game when the fans thought the umpire was favoring one side at the expense of the other? If you have you have seen the effect of having more than one price.

There are many people who buy certain brands of goods simply because they know that no matter where or from whom they buy them, the price will always be the same. This is possibly because there are several large firms who will sell their goods to the retailer only on the condition that they be sold to the consumer at a certain fixed price. These firms are growing rapidly and are far more prosperous than they were before they controlled the retail price.

I know a man who paid a far higher price for an article because one firm quoted him a price and stuck to it while another quoted him several prices.

It does not seem fair to me to have to help pay, against my will, for what my neighbor buys. That is what I am doing if he buys the same goods in the same quantities at a lower price than I can and we both buy them from the same firm.

One price is a great aid to the salesman. When he does not have to haggle over the price it will not take so long to make a sale. He will then have time to get business from people he otherwise could not reach and will soon establish for himself and his house a very enviable reputation for honesty and reliability.

Now comes the third and last head—presentation.

Some people have the mistaken idea that honesty in salesmanship means telling all the bad things about your goods.

Honesty is fairness in dealings. Would it be considered right or fair for a baseball player to go up and tell

the opposing pitcher all the balls he could not hit? I believe it is just as dishonest to fail to put up the very best selling talk of which you are capable as it is to tell an absolute untruth.

The requisites of a first-class selling talk are knowledge, judgment and enthusiasm.

The salesman must first know all about his goods, all the ways in which they can be used and how they are superior to any others on the market. He should have judgment enough to present to his prospect those points which will interest him most and sufficient enthusiasm to inspire in him something of his own faith in the goods. He knows that any one thing he buys will meet only a very few needs. It is useless to tell what your goods will not do and it takes far more time to tell their defects than to tell their virtues. The only thing that counts is what they will do. All that any man who buys your wares really wants to know is what they will accomplish for him. The only way you can be fair to him, to yourself and to your employer is to tell him truthfully what they will do.

When preaching these good points be sure to use judgment.

A man who is going on a bear hunt and is a prospect for a gun will hardly appreciate a long discourse on a twenty-two-calibre target rifle if he knows anything about guns. Should he be ignorant of guns and you succeed in selling him a twenty-two-calibre rifle he will have a poor opinion of your honesty when he fails to stop his bear.

Be sure first of all to discover the exact needs of your prospect. Then show him clearly and concisely how your goods will meet his needs.

Nothing is really sold till the buyer is satisfied. If your article has merit and you present your case with sufficient knowledge, judgment and enthusiasm every one of your customers will be satisfied. If they are not, there is room for improvement in your selling talk.

If you are perfectly fair in your dealings your customers must be satisfied. Dissatisfaction is due to actual or suspected unfairness—in other words, to dishonesty. No first-class presentation will leave an opportunity for such a suspicion. If after the goods have been delivered there is a suspicion you have been dishonest to someone.

The salesman is the man who stands between the consumer and the producer. He is the link that determines the prosperity of them both. He should be the strongest, most trustworthy and most honorable man in the community. Far more depends on what he says or does than depends on the speech or action of any other man.

We must have a means of bringing the consumer and the producer together and this means must be one benefiting both parties.

Untruthfulness, various prices and poor presentation in selling are as dangerous to business as infected drinking water, yellow fever and the hookworm are to a tropical army camp.

If we could only have absolute honesty in selling we should have no more business depressions. All of them have started from the discovery of dishonesty and the universal suspicion of more dishonesty.

If all salesmen would tell nothing but the truth, have absolutely one price and give the best possible presentation of their goods they would do the country as a whole far more good than can all the lawyers, doctors and ministers.

Any individual salesman who will take honesty as his policy, though his success may not at first be as rapid and spectacular, will find it far more substantial than the grandstand success of his more irresponsible brother. When that brother's flimsy structure is falling into ruins the steel and stone of his will be towering high into the sky and he will be successfully accomplishing greater and greater things.—*Business Philosopher.*

Guidance in Matters of Health

Man and His Stomach

By
Arthur Henry

ANY stomach, and particularly the human stomach, is like the manufacturing department of a great business organization. In it raw materials are worked over into new and valuable forms. Like a business concern, it is most successful when its manufacturing process is one in which the largest and most valuable results are obtained with speed, accuracy and the least expenditure of labor.

A few years ago it was erroneously believed that germs were necessary to digestion. That the stomach would harbor them while they in turn would help the stomach to digest the food. This theory was held in order to bolster up a practice of eating foods that introduced and fostered germs. Humanity for centuries are indiscriminately all manner of foods. The taste was perverted. In some of these foods germs were discovered. Not knowing how to explain the presence of a thing so evil without conflicting with their desires, men said, "germs are good." It has been recently proved, however, by many experiments, that when a healthy man eats food with no germs in it, there will be no germs in his stomach, and he will enjoy a perfectly healthy digestion, providing the food has been selected and eaten properly.

Digestion is performed by the alimentary canal, a long tube extending from the mouth through the entire length of the trunk of the body. The opening of this tube back of the mouth is the pharynx, the portion from the pharynx to the stomach, a distance of

nine inches, is called the esophagus. The stomach is a pear-shaped sack into which this tube broadens, holding about three pints. The alimentary canal, continuing from the stomach, is a winding tube, an inch or more in diameter, and about twenty-five feet long. This tube is called the intestines. If a portion of grain is eaten, it is taken into the mouth and ground. Its presence causes the salivary glands to take a juice, called saliva, from the blood and pour it into the mouth. The saliva mixes with the food, which passes into the pharynx. Here mental control ends. It then passes into the esophagus, where muscular fibers above the food contract, and others below it relax, so that it is forced along into the stomach. When this food enters the stomach, that organ arouses from a quiet condition to one of activity, the blood flows to it in increased amount, so that its inner coat turns from a pale color to a deep red. This lining membrane, or inner coat, becomes filled with blood that flows into its minute blood vessels. In this inner coat there are multitudes of tiny gastric glands, which, when the blood flows freely to the stomach, readily pour out large quantities of gastric fluid upon the food. The food is partially digested by the warm liquids and the constant motion of the stomach. That portion which is digested and fit to sustain the system passes directly through the lining of the stomach into the blood vessels, taking with it the gastric juice. That portion of the food which is not digested

in the stomach, passes little by little through the pylorus, or lower gate, into the intestines. The first few inches of the intestines form what is called the duodenum. This serves as a second stomach. It is here that two peculiar fluids, the bile and the pancreas, are received by a branched duct. By the action of these fluids, the food in the intestines becomes changed into a milky substance called chyle, portions of which readily enter the blood through the walls of the intestines. Other portions are taken up by tubes and carried to the blood.

This is a simple description of the methods by which food is absorbed into the body. If food were properly selected, taken at correct intervals, and chewed a sufficient length of time, the stomach would perform its duty and most of the ills that flesh is heir to would be avoided.

The stomach is a most willing servant. It really loves its master, and frequently performs such labors as none but a slave would endure. Horace Fletcher has recently evolved a theory, founded upon thousands of exorcisms, which maintains that of the necessary requirements the matter of chewing will alone suffice. According to him, man has been given the sense of taste to guide him in his eating, and to maintain a just relationship between his food and his stomach. So long as there is any taste, he says, the food should remain in the mouth. That which remains when there is no longer any taste should be rejected as unfit. By this method the taste is satisfied when the necessary amount of food has been sent to the stomach, and therefore it is impossible to overcrowd the stomach. By this method also only that portion of food which is nourishing gets past the taste into the system. And the taste being so thoroughly satisfied, does not call for more until the proper time. This unconsciously regulates the hours of meals. As it is now, food is ordinarily rushed into the stomach half chewed, waste and all, filling it with rubbish until it is

overloaded, before the taste is satisfied. Then the hard-working stomach finds that it has twice as much labor before it as it would have if the food had been properly chewed, besides having so much waste material that it will get but half the nourishment necessary for the system. In so far Mr. Fletcher's theory is absolutely incontrovertible.

He further maintains that even food which contains poisons and injurious substances, if chewed until it disappears involuntarily without a conscious act of swallowing, is rendered harmless, and if it contains anything pleasing to the taste, becomes to some degree good food.

There is no doubt that the entire theory of Mr. Fletcher could be substantiated, were the taste of man normal. But it has been proved that man's taste is not normal. There has been a gradual extinction of instincts progressing among the civilized branches of the human race. Instinct is the means by which animals are warned of danger. Most of the wilder kinds know what to eat and what to avoid. The Indian is only a little less protected by his instincts. But civilized man has cultivated perverse and unnatural appetites for so long that the natural protective instincts can no longer be trusted. Even savages led to adopt the habits of civilization degenerate, and this is probably one of the causes of their extinction.

In this day there is a growing conviction of the necessity for a selection of food based upon other grounds than man's taste. The stomach must be protected against a perverted taste by the mind. Some foods which are in themselves good, if eaten together, form combinations in the stomach which work injury. There are other foods, such as celery, olives and many other aristocrats of the table which men have been inveigled by friends and custom into paying court to, which the stomach recognizes in their true light as idling vagabonds who can be put to no use.

Many of these foods are like the

bait thrown to the ravens by the Tartars. The Tartars do not raise these ravens from young birds, but catch them when they are about half-grown. They leave a handful of small pebbles smeared with blood in the underbrush. The ravens, swallowing them, are unable to fly and are easily captured. There are many people who have pebbles in their stomach, and cannot rise above the low level of a sluggish life.

But the stomach is not to be fooled. Beneath the condiments it recognizes the refuse. It can only groan and struggle, a perfect machine put to profitless labors.

As a result of this haphazard selection, often before a child is ten years old the stomach is worn out, so that the secreting and motor functions fail, and, as an eminent physician has put it, "becomes almost as inert as a pocket in a coat." Then, having lost the ability to purify and disinfect itself it becomes the hold of every unclean and hateful germ which thrives in such an environment. The stomach no longer protects the intestines from the invasion of pathogenic and proteid decomposing germs, and the whole alimentary canal soon becomes the habitat of microbes, varied in species, each manufacturing its own toxin or ptomaine, and altogether flooding the system with poisonous substances which overwhelm the liver and pervert every vital process.

The blame for disorder of digestion is often laid by irritable dyspeptics at the door of the stomach, when these disorders are actually due to the action of germs which get in with the food they select. These germs decompose the food and produce poisonous substances which irritate the stomach and cause soreness, heartburn, water-brash, regurgitation of the food, and through reflex action, pain in the back, so-called spinal irritation, pain beneath the shoulder blades and in the region of the heart, neuralgia, sick headaches and numberless other ailments. More of these poisons get into the blood with the food, causing

vertigo, mental dullness, confusion of thought, blurred vision, numbness, pricking, crawling, tingling, and even sudden attacks of unconsciousness or nervous apoplexy.

At a meeting of the American Medical Association, Dr. J. H. Kellogg read a paper condemning vinegar on account of its powerful inhibitory influence upon salivary digestion. In the discussion which followed it was suggested that the stimulating effect of vinegar upon the salivary glands and the extra amount of saliva produced might more than balance the lessened power of the saliva to digest, resulting from the presence of this acid. The same was urged in favor of salt, pepper and other condiments.

As a result of this, the following experiments were made: One ounce of various kinds of food and fluids was taken and chewed for a few seconds and then put into a vessel for weighing. The difference in weight before chewing and after represented the amount of saliva which had been added. The granose used in the experiments is a dry, well-cooked preparation of wheat. One ounce of granose produced 50.79 grams of saliva. An ounce of granose with two grains of salt added, produced 58.80 grams. When sprinkled with pepper it produced 59.1 grams. With strong cider, 55.9 grams. An ounce of moist bread produced 31.1 grams. An ounce of raw apple, 38.1. An ounce of milk, 3.82. An ounce of pea soup, 5.82.

We see by this discussion and these experiments that the effect of different foods upon the functions of the body are at best but imperfectly understood, even among physicians. Dr. Kellogg's experiments prove that the salivary glands do not need any artificial stimulants, that the best service is rendered by them when they are given natural food without seasoning or softening of any kind. When flavoring comes naturally, as in fruits and certain vegetables, it has been found that the salivary glands do respond. The significance of this appears in a new philosophy. Man, by gradual

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growth of error in the use of foods, has already nullified the protection originally afforded by his guiding sense of taste. In following error he has already long ceased to consult the dictates of the organs which nature gave him for use, and is thereby modifying them. If one organ can be so modified, all organs can be proportionately modified, and he can change his whole nature. It is evidently the purpose in evolution, however, that certain organs which have been threatened with extinction should be preserved. To accomplish this, the spirit of inquiry appears in the minds of men, which will result in knowledge sufficient to select food and to eat it, that their organs will be given a legitimate exercise and so be preserved.

By the selection of his food man may become the arbiter of his destiny. He may preserve and enlarge any of his faculties, or weaken and destroy them. It all depends upon the extent to which he uses the natural functions given him. If, for instance, he selects foods, such as dry grains, etc., which call for large quantities of saliva to moisten and prepare them, and which, when taken into the stomach, thoroughly nourish his body, the salivary glands will wax strong and efficient, remaining with him. On the other hand, should he choose wet foods exclusively, or those which, because of some acid, promptly retard the flow of saliva, the glands will grow weak and gradually disappear. This is actually the case with fishes, and may become so with Americans. They eat in a hurry, chase their food past the salivary glands, which stand against a gaping impotence, without giving them a chance to do their work. The place of saliva is supplied by copious draughts of tea, coffee, water, milk or beer. This not only tends toward the elimination of the salivary glands, but the amount of saliva immediately produced is altogether inadequate to digest the starchy elements of the food in the acid medium of the stomach contents, and the small amount which

is produced is rendered less efficient by dilution. So the body grows weak in the bargain.

What wonder that starch indigestion is becoming almost a universal complaint, when people fail to chew their food and supply saliva. Yet people wonder why they cannot digest starchy foods. The abundant provision made in the human body for the digestion of starch—first, the saliva; second, the bile and pancreatic juice; third, the intestinal juice, and, finally, the liver—is evidence that nature intended man to live largely upon farinaceous foods. The arguments of those who insist that men should live on fruits and nuts alone, leaving out the grains and vegetables, which form the necessary complement of these, and make the perfect diet, are based, not upon physiological facts, but upon their own personal experiences. Not long ago, at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, the stomach of a prominent advocate of this doctrine was examined, and it was found to be greatly dilated and almost completely inert. The exclusive use of fruits and nuts gave no work to many of the organs supplied for the disposal of food. This is also true of all the digestive forces required for this purpose. Could the advocate of this doctrine convert the world, it is easy to see how the stomach would soon become an inert sac for the deposit of fruit juices. It will be seen that the saliva being designed to digest the starch, all food containing any portion of starch must be thoroughly chewed. Grains, potatoes and other starchy vegetables particularly require the action of saliva. The gastric juice will very readily digest the material in which the starch has been transformed into glucose, or a sort of fluid which the stomach by its action can thoroughly mix with the gastric juice. Pepsin in the gastric juice is principally of use in the digestion of proteins.

Gastric juice is a fluid formed by the numerous glands in the inner lining of the stomach. It is composed of water, hydrochloric acid, various

salts, pepsin and renning. Like the saliva, which only handles starch, the gastric juice only digests the proteids or nitrogenous elements in food.

The pepsin in the gastric juice acts upon the proteids and changes them into what is called peptone, which remains such until it is being taken into the blood, when it becomes what is called serum-albumen. The hydrochloric acid, when present in the gastric juice in a normal amount, guards the body from infection, against disease germs, which enter with the food. When this protection is removed, as it is in some diseased conditions, myriads of germs develop in the stomach. When these are present they produce sick headaches and a long list of ailments. It has been found that until the stomach is cleansed and two per cent. of hydrochloric acid is established by a proper diet, these conditions will continue. Drugs may relieve the pains, but they do not cure. The germs flourish, producing poisons which practically wreck the system. We may find relief from pain in drugs, and by our present methods of indiscriminate eating, accidentally use a proper diet, which the stomach takes advantage of and recovers. The next meal, however, may again carry to it material that operates to stultify and disorganize its functions. It would seem, in the light of these facts, when modern research has been able to discover the method by which the digestive organs work, and the food materials required to keep them normally and successfully employed, that civilization should at once concern itself sufficiently to create and adopt a system of food selection and eating that would meet the requirements. The hydrochloric acid also dissolves the material which surrounds the particles of proteid, so that the pepsin can act upon it.

The renning gathers the casein of milk together, and the pepsin converts it into peptone.

The gastric juice will digest a certain amount of food, after which, if more is added, it will not act.

The stomach, through its friendly and intimate relationship with all the parts of the body, knows just what nourishment each part requires. At every mealtime the multitudes of glands and cells stand like willing and intelligent little workmen, ready to pour out the fluids they have prepared in just sufficient amounts. They expect that the brain, guided by the taste and its own knowledge of the body's requirements, will send enough of the proper material and no more. But, in reality, few minds are acquainted with the presence, let alone the expectations, of their glands and cells. Busy with the affairs of its neighbors the brain of man has not yet had time to concern itself about the organization of its own dwelling.

The food as it leaves the stomach is in a more or less fluid condition, and is strongly acid. When it enters the duodenum, or second stomach, the bile and pancreatic juice change it to an alkaline nature, thus preventing further action of the pepsin of the gastric juice, and facilitating the action of the pancreatic juice, which splits up part of the fat of the food into free fatty acid and glycerine. Then some of the alkaline salts of the bile unite with this free fatty acid and form a soap. This soap then acts upon the remaining unchanged fat and forms an emulsion.

What remains of the food after the duodenum has extracted nourishment passes into the small intestine, where the intestinal juice acts upon it and completes the process of digestion. This intestinal juice possesses the properties of all the other digestive fluids, and so corrects any of the oversights of the others up to the limit of its capacity.

Now listen to the mind:

"Oh, what do I care about the pancreatic juice, the duodenum or whatever it is? This stuff is too learned for me." We would suggest, however, that these names stand for things as real, and much of as intimate importance to us as the names of the Vanderbilts, the McCuskeys and our

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interesting and peculiar neighbors. Possible war in Europe is one thing, but war in the stomach and against the whole body is another, and so vital that if neglected may end our human connections and interests entirely.

The difficulties and trials of a hard-worked and conscientious stomach are quaintly illustrated by a story of Mary Henry Rositer's in which she says:

"The stomach examined its various pits and depressions with great anxiety. Its wrinkles deepened when it discovered the cause of the disturbances which had broken its rest for hours. A mass of decaying and fermenting food was still moving over its lower surface, while millions of germs were dancing about and multiplying at a tremendous rate.

"This is terrible!" groaned the stomach, "but what can I do? My muscular tissues worked as hard as they could for five or six hours, and the gastric juices dissolved everything possible. It is the imperative business of the pylorus to keep its orifice shut against everything but chyme; against this stuff is not ready for the duodenum." And the stomach chugged up a long string of connecting tissue and several pieces of wilted celery.

"Good morning," said a peptic gland to a pyloric gland near by.

"Good morning," replied the other, as both began to bestir themselves for the day's work.

"I do hope that our dear stomach will not have so much to do to-day as it did yesterday."

"Yes, indeed," rejoined the second, putting the final touches on a drop of juice. "It was so exhausted last night when the last bit of chyme squeezed through the pylorus, that I am sure it couldn't have contracted another note; no matter what came into it."

"And the worst of it is," continued the peptic gland, "there is a wretched residue of indigestible things that could not get through the pylorus at all, and they have been here all night."

Those hateful germs are swarming all over the stuff, and are getting disgustingly fat and happy. I did hope that we were going to starve them out, but the chance is evidently gone for the present."

"It's all on account of the chicken salad, olives, coffee, ice cream and cake that came rushing down here, pell-mell, late last night, just as we thought we had everything tidy and ready to leave," said the pyloric gland, which was a very domestic and neat little body. "For my part, I think the mouth didn't do just right. It knew very well that the stomach had not had a moment's rest all day, and I think it might have been a little more considerate."

"But, my dear child," remonstrated the peptic gland, which was more of a philosopher, "the mouth could not help it. The poor thing has to do just what the man says, and you know yourself that he is a perfect tyrant."

"But he must be a very wonderful being—that man," said the little pyloric gland, "to be able to defy and control the laws of nature in the way he does."

"Wonderful, truly!" said the other, despectively; "for my part I don't believe any more that the man knows a thing. I think he's an imbecile."

"For mercy's sake," exclaimed the pyloric gland, secreting several drops of gastric fluid in its excitement, "what makes you think that?"

"But before this question could be answered, the two glands became aware of a hurried rhythmic movement along the esophagus not far away, and suddenly a Gulp of hot coffee came plunging into the stomach. Several pieces of sugar-chewed toasts mixed with oatmeal, sugar and cream, followed immediately. Then came a large mass of beefsteak, then another and another. These were thickly covered with pepper, butter and mustard, and accompanied by small, hard pieces of fried potatoes. For several minutes the half-masticated steak and potatoes came tumbling down without an instant's pause; then, after a brief

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

respite, the esophagus swallowed in two buttered pancakes, a quantity of maple syrup and a doughnut.

"The stomach moaned and stirred feebly.

"What better evidence of imbecility do you want than that?"

"The stomach, recovering from the shock of the arrival of the meal, began calling for the gastric juices to come to its help. The latter needed no urging, but in numberless little globules ventured out from the tiny ducts, clung timidly for a moment to the edges of the alveoli, and then began to drop off bravely on the nearest mouthfuls; soon a steady stream of digestive fluid enveloped the entire mass of food, while the stomach's muscular layers began to contract, gently churning and mixing every portion of the breakfast. The mucous lining smoothed out its folds to make more room, and all the blood corpuscles in the neighborhood crowded close to the transparent membrane. So wonderful are the resources of nature, and so vigorously did the stomach attack its task, that possibly even the heterogeneous conglomeration of incompatibilities collected in this breakfast might have been reconciled and assimilated, had not the man, at this moment, felt thirsty. The mouth, the pharynx and the esophagus had been so irritated by the condiments forced against their surfaces that they set up a lusty cry for water; hence, no sooner had the stomach put its energies in motion than a sudden flood of ice cold water swept down into it, stopping all the secretions, driving the corpuscles back from the walls, and paralyzing every activity. It was some time before the corpuscles ventured back to their work, and began to warm up the poor little glands that were stiff with cold. By and by a few drops of gastric juice oozed slowly forth and began a desultory work on the saturated food. By degrees the muscular tissues resumed operations, and the process of digestion was again under way.

"The stomach would have begun

to ache had it not learned by experience that if it did the man would send down a pill or a powder that would merely stop the pain and make matters still worse.

"On this occasion, as many times before, the stomach turned again to its vast army of little helpers. In them it never found disappointment. On the morning in question every particle of gastric juice that had been able to recover its vital power and to get a foothold on the coarse, chilled masses of food, was earnestly at work dissolving connective tissue and making peptones. The acids of the stomach were breaking down the albuminous walls of the fat cells so as to set free their oily contents, and dissolving also the mineral salts. Not being able to act upon fats or starch, the gastric juice could not do much with the fried potatoes, the oatmeal or the toast. This was unfortunate, since none of the food had remained in the mouth long enough to be acted upon by the salivary glands; therefore, a large share of it could now be removed from the stomach only by peristalsis.

"It is really pathetic," remarked the pyloric gland, which was watching the struggle from the door of its duct, "to see how hard those juices work. They are giving their lives for the sake of the man, and yet he never lifts a finger to make their sacrifice easier."

"What I am worried about," said the peptic gland, "is that we are not going to have any time to rest before the luncheon comes down. Not that I mind so much on my own account working when I am tired, but I have already secreted all the gastric juice I had prepared for, and I cannot possibly get any more ready so soon. I am sorry for the poor stomach, too. It is always so mortified when it has to force into the intestines food that is not properly reduced."

"Well," exclaimed the other, "I should like just once to lay my nerves on that man. I am only a weak little, ignorant gastric gland, but I know I try as hard as I can to do what na-

ture tells me, and I am sure that man does not, or else he has never paid enough attention to what she says to know. Sometimes I think he has never heard that it makes any difference what he eats; then, again, I think that he doesn't care; that he just eats things that make that horrid little palate feel good, and doesn't care a thing about all the rest of us. I don't know, but I get all confused when I think about it."

"But the patient little glands and all the other activities of the stomach had no more time for social amenities that day. It would be tedious to tell of the ice-cold ginger ale that sent a shiver through every cell of the digestive organs; of the luncheon that followed the ginger ale; of the peppery soup that made the salivary glands feel lazy, and tore the lining of the esophagus; of the cold roast pork and the Saratoga chips that sank

like lead to the bottom of the soup; of the olives, the jelly, the salad, the pepper-sauce, the ice cream, the chocolate cake that made the stomach's afternoon one long Spanish torture; to tell again of the evening dinner, the roast chicken and French potatoes, the cucumbers and vinegar, the tomatoes with mayonnaise dressing, the coffee with green apple pie and imported cheese. Perhaps it is cruel to mention the Welsh rarebit and the pint of beer that came down about midnight.

"Suffice it to say that the man was sick in the night. When a soft, kind tube descended through the gullet to take away its revolting and intractable burden, the heart-broken stomach that had worked so faithfully and conscientiously for forty years, heard the man say between groans: 'I have a beastly stomach. Were it not for 'hat, I should be a happy man!'"—*Ainslee's Magazine.*

Endurance

Great Thoughts

Life is a fight, but that does not mean that it is always a point-blank charge against the enemy, or that it is safe for every man to adopt the tactics of sledge-hammer blows, delivered in rapid succession right along the line. The battle of life is set for every one of us, but it is one of life's surprises to find out what different formations the battle takes. Usually it is very different from what a man supposes it will be. Robert Louis Stevenson said that he knew he was cut out for a battle, but he did not

think that it was to be this dingy one of medicine bottles and a sick bed. He won through what seems to us now one of the bravest personal fights a man ever put up, though it seemed to him often as if it were a mere sliding around here and there to avoid contexts where he knew he would meet with defeat. We carry very little by storm, and a great deal by siege. Inaction is sometimes a positive inspiration. To endure is often a greater thing than to do.



MONTEBELLO

MANOR HOUSE OF THE SEIGNEURIE DE LA PETITE NATION

Seigniorial Homes of French Canada

By

F. S. Somerville

SCATTERED throughout the Province of Quebec, there stand more than two hundred and fifty quaint and picturesque old manor houses, the relics of a day and generation when the seigniorial system added a distinction and a glory to the period of the French regime. Even to-day these manor houses possess a charm and a glamor which even the prosaic present has been unable to dissipate.

Of course there are some of them which have no strange or romantic tales to tell, but they form the exceptions rather than the rule. Almost any one of them, selected at random, has somewhere hidden away back in its past history, a thrilling chapter.

With the seigniorial system and its

workings, it is not the purpose of this article to deal. Suffice it to say that the system, while introduced in the first place for military purposes, became eventually the basis of a New World aristocracy, modelled on the old French pattern, and that the seigniors, the lords of the land, held sway over their extensive properties with all the pomp and circumstance of the French noblemen.

It is only possible within the limits of a magazine article to glance at a few of the more notable manors and to contemplate any features connected with them which render them worthy of notice.

The manor house on the Seigneurie de la Petite Nation is one of the finest



THE PAPINEAU GUN AND FLAG IN THE LIBRARY OF THE MANOR HOUSE

examples of old manorial architecture in the Province of Quebec. This seigniorie was granted to Bishop Laval by the Company of the West Indies in 1674. It consisted of a tract of land on the Ottawa River fifteen miles square. The property was given to Laval University by Bishop Laval, from which institution it was purchased in 1694 by Joseph Papineau. The first manor house was built at Papineauville, a year or two later, and was replaced in 1813 by another manor house, built upon Isle Anson, opposite Papineauville. This house was destroyed by fire about 1840. The present house was begun in 1849 by Louis J. Papineau, son of Joseph Papineau, and was completed in 1851. In 1871 it passed into the hands of L. J. A. Papineau, and upon his death in 1903 it became the property of his grandchildren. The house was built of stone, quarried in the neighborhood, and all its beams were sawn or hewn by hand.

This particular house is more pretentious than most of the manor houses of Quebec, although it follows almost precisely in design the usual style. Near by the old house is the chapel and other buildings, which were usually found close to the old

seigniorial mansions. The main part of the building is oblong in shape and has at one corner a round Norman tower which does not look unlike the old Martello towers that were erected throughout Canada for defensive purposes during the French Regime. Another tower of imposing proportions, rises from the other corner of the house and in it is situated the green house and viney. The library which is one of its interesting features of the house, is built of solid stone and is detached from the main portion of the house, standing at another corner. It is absolutely fireproof and contains over 5,000 volumes, some of which are very old and valuable. A curious little old Norman gate may also be seen on this side of the house. The view from the top of the mansion looking up the Ottawa is one unequalled on any other part of the river. The present owners of the seigniorie are descendants of Louis J. Papineau, the Canadian patriot.

Another old manor house which has an exceedingly interesting history is that situated on the Seigneurie L'Islet du Portage in the county of Kamouraska. This seigniorie was granted by the good Intendant Talon, in the year 1672. The first manor house was



VIEW IN THE DRAWING ROOM OF THE OLD PAPINEAU HOUSE

MORTUARY CHAPEL OF THE PAPINEAU
MANOR HOUSE

commenced in that year and completed the following year. The original building was the habitation of many lords of the seigniorly down to the year 1835, when it was almost entirely rebuilt, most of the old house, however, being incorporated in the new building. About this time this portion of the Province of Quebec had become the centre of a large shipbuilding and lumbering trade, and the master of the old manor house was engaged in this industry. The house is situated on a plateau, which rises high above the St. Lawrence River. As one gazes at the old house, standing in its lofty situation, the well wooded slopes of the Notre Dame Mountains in the background make a fitting setting for its ancient walls. Near by runs a brook, coming from the mountains, which in the old days was used to run the banal mill, built at the point where the brook flowed into the St. Lawrence. Near the old mill may be seen the store house, barns

and sail-making house and the residences of the employes, and the habitants. These buildings are now all fallen into decay, and the old overshot waterwheel has probably turned for the last time. When the shipbuilding industry was no longer profitable the owner abandoned the old house and it was shut up for a long time during his absence in England.

A tragedy associated with the history of this old seigniorial home is the foundation of superstition, which prevails among the habitants even to the present day. Although enacted nearly a century ago the belief still obtains among them that the disembodied spirit of the victim of this particular "affaire d'honneur" continues to make nocturnal visits to the old manor house. The story as told in the little village is as follows. One of the early seigneurs had a niece whose charms had won the hearts of both the resident physician, and a visitor to the manor house, who was of high military rank. Both were handsome men, and received equal encouragement from this well favored daughter of Eve. It was plain that this state of affairs could not exist for long and they finally had recourse to the "code," which was in those days considered the only way for gentlemen to

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE MORTUARY CHAPEL, HEREIN THE
PLACE ON WHICH STOOD THE REMAINS OF THE HOUSE
OF J. PAPINEAU, THE CANADIAN PATRIOT

MANOR HOUSE OF THE SEIGNIORLY L'ISLET DU PORTAGE

settle their difficulties. The story goes that the doctor, who was a dead shot, having had much practice on the game preserves of the old seigniorly easily killed his adversary and became the successful suitor for the hand of the fair young lady. The victim of this unfortunate affair is believed to have been buried beneath the trees at the rear of the manor house and from his sleeping place in the woodland glade, makes nocturnal excursions about the place. At night uncanny sounds are heard and the present occupants of the house, grown familiar with these accustomed visitations, dismiss the idea contemptuously with the remark, "Oh, it is only the ghost," and compose themselves to slumber.

The foregoing story is a fair example of many that hover about these old mansions.

As an instance of the wonderful hold which the seigniorial system of land tenure has even to this day upon the habitants, who still reside upon the seigneuries, the following story is told. A dependent farmer, who upon presenting himself to pay his tithe of one cent per annum, was asked why he did not buy the farm on which he had resided all his life and in that way be-

come absolutely independent in the possession of a freehold deed, since he could well afford to do so, answered, that the new order of things was distasteful to him, and he much preferred to pay his cent every year, and preserve his dependent position. This is not in any way a solitary instance and shows how deeply the roots of the old system are set in the people who have for hundreds of years resided on these old seigneuries. The Seigniorly L'Islet du Portage is the property of Mrs. John Ramon, of the city of Montreal.

Another old seigniorly which possesses many features of particular interest, is that known as the Seigniorly de St. David, situated in the heart of the French Canadian country. The manor house was built by the first Warleto, who came to this country, and was for many years the seat of this distinguished Canadian family. The architecture of the manor house, while in the main possessing the salient characteristics of the old French houses has incorporated in it many features which are distinctly German, thereby reflecting the nationality of the builder who came to Canada from near Stuttgart in Germany. It was in a measure a reproduction of

his home in that city, being a large square stone structure with an enormous roof, the whole containing two stories and an attic. It was beautifully situated on undulating ground, surrounded on three sides by the River David, the waters of which drove the wheel of the old grist and saw mills in the neighborhood. It was like an oasis in the desert, the country for miles around being as level as a prairie. The old house was embowered in trees and shut in beautiful grounds. The fruit trees were imported from the seigneur's old home in Germany, as were also the grape vines, from which real Rhine wine was made. At one time, this seigniority was owned by a French Huguenot, named Dr. Calvet, who was said to have been a political traitor and it is also said that he received harsh treatment from the government of Governor Haldimand.

The late Judge Wurtele may be considered as "the last of the old Barons,"

because he was the last seigneur to render "Foi et Hommage" to the Governor on his accession to the property in 1853, before the changes in this system of tenure rendered this ancient and picturesque custom obsolete. Time's effacing fingers, have wiped out all beauty from the place and change and decay have destroyed the grand Lombardy poplars and stately elms, which at one time made this one of the beauty spots of the Province of Quebec.

Another of the ancient chateaux of Canada, which is woven into the warp and woof of the history of the country is the Chateau de Ramesay, in the very heart of the city of Montreal. This building is one of the oldest, if not the oldest building in Canada, which is still in good condition, having been erected in the days of Louis XIV., and it is doubtful, if there is another old house in Canada around which there clusters so many associations of bygone days of political and



CHATEAU DE RAMESAY, MONTREAL

social life, not only in the days of the French regime, but also since the day Canada was won for the British on the Plains of Abraham. This fine old chateau was built by Claude de Ramesay, the eleventh governor of Montreal in 1905. Its site was then in the most fashionable quarter of the city. Nearby were the dwellings of such

dignitaries of the state, were entertained within its walls. It was here that the councils of war were held and it was here also that the terms of peace were considered. The noble red men came to the chateau to air their grievances to the governor, as did also members of the noblesse, all having meted out to them justice



VIEW OF THE ST. LAWRENCE FROM THE MANOR HOUSE OF THE SEIGNIOR
VUE DU PORTAGE



TOUCHEVILLE MANOR HOUSE
NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE SEIGNEUR PATRONS



THE OLD LA SALLE MANSION
AN INTERESTING SCENE ON THE LAKEVIEW ROAD

and good advice by the excellent Governor de Ramezay. No partiality was shown by him in his dispensation of justice. Later, the chateau became the property of the Company of the West Indies, and ultimately was bought by the Government, as a residence for the governors. During the time of the American invasion of Canada, Benjamin Franklin, and his fellow commissioners Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and Samuel Chase, who were sent here to treat with the Canadian government, resided during their stay, in the old chateau. Franklin brought with him a printer by the name of Fleury Mesplet, who set up his cases and hand press in the basement of the building, and this is the first recorded instance of a printing press being operated in Canada. After Franklin had returned to Philadelphia, Mesplet remained in Canada, and founded the first paper in the city of Montreal, the Gazette. This building has been more fortunate than some of

the other ancient structures of the country, as it was rescued from inevitable decay and ruin, by being purchased by the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, who have retained it for the headquarters of the society. In it now, are gathered many of the relics of the past, which have found a safe resting place from Time's despoiling hand. In its picture gallery may be seen the portraits of nearly all of the governors of Canada before and since the capitulation of Quebec and various others connected with the history of Canada.

The Chateau Bigot, or "The Hermitage" as it is known among the English people of Quebec to-day, is possessed of an absorbing history as it has been the abode of both a man of the highest and noblest character, and once also was the dwelling of one whose deeds will ever remain a stain on the pages of the history of Canada. Within these venerable walls, the good Intendant Talon was accustomed to call

SEIGNIORIAL HOMES OF FRENCH CANADA.

together his advisers, to consult with him with regard to matters of state. Those were troublous times for Canada, and she required and fortunately had good men at the helm of the ship of state to direct her affairs. The mother country was very parsimonious in her treatment of the struggling young colony, and only such wise and able statesmen as Talon, and the men whom he gathered about him would have ever piloted her safely through this critical moment of her existence.

The Chateau Bigot or "Beaumanoir" as it was called when the infamous Bigot assumed possession of it, was, however, soon to witness different scenes than these. Councils continued to be held, but they were not councils which had for their aim, the advancement of the colony. The Intendant Bigot, who was hand in glove with the members of the organization, known as "La Frippe" conspired here with his fellow libertines to rob the colony of the funds, small as they

were, which were sent from France. The old halls have rung with the drunken laughter of these men during their periodic carousals.

It is told that in this same mansion, the Intendant had a secret bower, in which he had confined, against her will, the Indian princess Caroline, and it was his habit to exhibit her to his boon companions.

Nothing remains of it now, but a mass of old ruins, around which cluster many tales of romance. According to old priests and descriptions, it was a very stately pile, and was built on the same general lines of other manor houses, but larger and more pretentious, as this particular mansion fell in the class known as chateaux. It was built of stone, gabled and pointed in the style of architecture prevailing in those days. It was built by Jean Talon, whose name will ever be associated with the best traditions of Canada. Among others who came to the chateau to re-



RUINS OF BEAUMANOIR
ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF THE INTENDANT BIGOT AND THE SCENE OF MANY GRIEFS

late his wanderings in the new country, was the *Sieur Joliet*, as came also *Pere Marquette*, and it was from here also that the intrepid *LaSalle*, one of the most romantic figures in Canadian history, set out to explore the waters of the *Mississippi River*, news of which had been brought by *Father Marquette*. The grounds around the old chateau were patterned on those of the *Luxembourg*. The main building was set in the midst of exquisite gardens. Fruits of great variety grew in the broad fields of the estate. The old chateau was in a measure a striking contrast to the beauty of the surrounding gardens. Sombre and majestic, it rose with its massive doors and mullioned windows, all of which were kept barred, oftentimes holding within their four walls, victims who were guests against their will.

Such then is a brief glance at an ancient and effete institution, which would be regarded as an anachronism to-day, but which in "its day and generation" possessed its advantages as well as its disadvantages. As a country grows and prospers and becomes wealthy, and its people are permitted more leisure, for a consideration of the history of the past, they will find that the material appanages derived from such sources are small, but the romantic and emotional value of them, cannot be overestimated. There are to-day hundreds of the progeny of these ancient seigneurs in the province of *Quebec* and if these traditions of the past serve no other purpose for them, they at least indicate that they possess a proud and distinguished ancestry which will always remain a source of rare gratification to them.



SIR JOHN MURRAY, K.C.B., F.R.S., D.Sc., LL.D.



An Investigator of the Ocean Bed

AN imaginary aeronaut, hovering over the North Atlantic Ocean and keeping a sharp eye on the movements of the ships traversing its surface in all directions, might feel a little curiosity at the actions of a small steamship, which is seen to move spasmodically from point to point across untravelled areas. That it is not engaged in fishing is apparent nor is it occupied with commerce. Piracy cannot be its game, for it shuns the path of likely prey. The imagined patroller of the sky must descend a little closer, if he would discover what it is about.

The ship is the Norwegian vessel, *Michael Sars*, and aboard it, in addition to its Norwegian crew, is a small

party of men, the leader of whom, an elderly gentleman, is busily engaged directing some mysterious operations. This gentleman is none other than *Sir John Murray, K.C.B., F.R.S., D.Sc., LL.D.*, who has devoted a life-time to a thorough study of the ocean bed, its formation, its fauna and its inhabitants. In the *Michael Sars* he is conducting a biological and physiological examination of the North Atlantic, lowering nets to the bottom of the sea and bringing up all manner of living things and at this work he will be engaged for the greater part of the summer.

Scientific investigators are at work all over the surface of the earth and we,

as Canadians, take a languid and desultory interest in their progress. But Sir John Murray claims more than a passing glance, for he is a native-born Canadian and is still a great lover and admirer of the land of his birth. As a man who has attained a world-wide eminence in his chosen work, he is a fellow countryman of whom all Canadians may well be proud.

Cobourg has the distinction of being Sir John Murray's birthplace. It was here that his father settled in 1834 and John, the second son, was born on March 3, 1841. He was educated at the public school of that place, at Professor McAuley's school in London, Ontario, and at Victoria College, Cobourg. In 1858 he went to Scotland to complete his education under the direction of his maternal grandfather. During the next twelve years he studied under private tutors at the High School of Stirling and at the University of Edinburgh. A fondness for natural history early manifested itself and he collected sufficient specimens to form a large museum.

When the British Government equipped an expedition in 1871 to undertake a systematic exploration of the physical, chemical, geological and biological conditions of the great ocean basins, the young student was appointed a member of the civilian scientific staff.

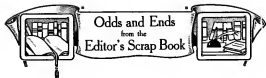
This expedition, lasting from 1872 to 1876, is famous in the history of science as the Challenger expedition, from the name of the ship on board which the investigations were conducted. Mr. Murray had the care of all the collections sent home during the expedition, as well as those brought back in the ship. Afterwards in the compilation of the Challenger Reports, which consist of fifty large royal quarto volumes, he took a leading part and was for some time director and editor of the publications, spending many thousand pounds of his own private income in advancing the work. His connection with the Challenger expedition extended over twenty-four years.

Subsequently Dr. Murray made other voyages and established marine laboratories. He has been actively associated with many learned scientific societies, has written numerous books and delivered many lectures. He was created a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath by Queen Victoria in 1898 and has received other honors from all parts of the world.

From a business standpoint, probably the most effective result of Sir John's researches, has been the development of the resources of Christmas Island—a remote island in the Indian Ocean, containing valuable phosphatic deposits. It had never been inhabited as far as was known, and the Geographical Journal described it as no fitting home for any human being. However, Dr. Murray, after the Challenger expedition returned, predicted that it was rich in phosphates. In 1888, through his urgency, backed by the influence of the Duke of Argyll, the island was annexed by the British Government, Sir John and a Mr. Ross obtained a lease and a small company was formed to develop its resources.

An exploratory expedition proved successful, and the work of development began. Valuable deposits were located, clearings were made, a railway built, waterworks and piers constructed, aerial haulage constructed, and a large number of houses built. There are at present about one thousand inhabitants on the island, and a flourishing business is being carried on in the export of phosphates.

One of the secrets of Sir John's ability to achieve great things without the expenditure of much time or energy, is that he has learned to find his recreation in his work. One of his favorite pursuits is yachting, and, as sailing has been such a necessary part of his work, he can happily combine pleasure with his labor. He takes a keen delight in his scientific observations, and there is to him no drudgery about any part of his investigations. Besides sailing, he enjoys cycling, motor-touring and golf.—Arthur Conrad.



A House of Refuge

The illustration shows one of the stone houses of refuge built along the more frequented passes of the Andes Mountains, between the Argentine Republic and Chile. The necessity for such buildings arises from the violent

Trans-Andine Railway will do away with many of the dangers attendant on a journey from one republic to the other. The first of the odd-looking stone buildings was erected in 1791 by Governor Ambrosio O'Higgins, and since then many more have been



A HOUSE OF REFUGE FOR TRAVELERS

storms which at time overtake travelers crossing the mountains. These storms attain alarming proportions and swoop down so suddenly that unless the traveler can reach shelter quickly, he is in danger of destruction. The recent completion of the

erected, both along the Uspallata Pass, which is the most frequented route, and other passes. The illustration has been supplied by the International Bureau of American Republics, which also supplied the illustrations appearing with the article on the new railway.

A Great Memorial

One hundred years ago the Argentine declared its independence from the rule of Spain and became a republic—the first of the South American republics. To celebrate this important event the British merchants, both those in the Argentine Republic and others associated with them in other parts of the world, are going to erect the handsome memorial clock tower, shown in the illustration. It will be set up in the City of Buenos Aires, and will become a lasting monument, both to the centenary of independence and to the generosity of the British merchants.



MODEL OF BOWAL, WITH CLOCK, TO BE FINISHED BY THE BRITISH MERCHANTS OF ARGENTINA AND THOSE ABROAD, TO THE CITY OF BUENOS AIRES AS A MEMORIAL OF THE CENTENARY OF INDEPENDENCE OF THE REPUBLIC.

A Liner's Coal Supply

The combination of vast size and record-breaking speed now attained in ocean liners infers a tremendous coal consumption. The picture shows in imaginative form the number of cars of coal required for a single journey of a Cunarder across the Atlantic. There are twenty-two trains of thirty cars each, covering an area of over four acres. The coal is discharged into low flat coal barges, which are towed in long rows alongside the steamer. Just along the water-line a number of oblong doors are thrown open, and through them the coal is shoveled by



A TYPICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE AMOUNT OF COAL REQUIRED BY THE "MAUTERHALL" FOR A SINGLE VOYAGE.

hundreds of men working day and night.

Fish in Heaps

There are few sights which would bring home to the ordinary observer the source of the immense export of fish to Europe, the West Indies, etc., and the enormous quantity used in Canada, than that of a fare of cod, just discharged, as depicted by the illustration. This means an ordinary boatload. The boats used by the fisher-



A MORRIS'S CATCH OF CODFISH

men down east are generally of three sizes—the large ones, rigged schooner-like, with roomy cabins, which go to the Grand Banks; the medium-sized, partly-decked craft, splendid sea boats they are, with cuddy large enough for three men, or perhaps three and a boy, intended for Caraqueet Bank fishing; and the small boats, for inshore fish-

ing. It may be mentioned that although some boats may secure better fares than others, it seldom, if ever, happens that a boat returns in the fishing season without cod, and if a novice once sees the fleet scudding home up bay, and making for Caraqueet, Perte, and the principal ports on Saturday evening, he will not soon forget it.

Where the Cabinet Meets

In the room shown in the illustration Canada's executive meets. It is the place where the Dominion Cabinet holds its regular sessions, and here seated around the table, like the knights of King Arthur, His Majesty's Ministers of the Crown deliberate. It is not an elaborate apartment, but it is a plain common-sense work-room.



THE DOMINION CABINET MEETING ROOM

Humor in the Magazine

THE contradictions of life are many. An observant man remarked recently that he was prowling about a certain city square, when he came upon a drinking-fountain which bore two conflicting inscriptions.

One, the original inscription on the fountain, was from the Bible: "And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely."

Above this hung a placard: "Please do not waste the water."—*Yonk's Companion*.

The Perfect Man.—"There was one man whose life was perfect," said the Sunday-school teacher. "What one of you can tell me who he was?"

Little Mary Jane's hand went up, and the teacher nodded to her.

"He was mamma's first husband," she said.—*Everybody's*.

A young woman of a western town desired to show some kindness to a young officer of the militia to whom she had taken a fancy. She therefore despatched this note:

"Mrs. Smythe requests the pleasure of Captain White's company at a reception on Friday evening."

A prompt reply came which read: "With the exception of three men who are sick Captain White's company accept your kind invitation and will come with pleasure to your reception Friday evening."—*Cosmopolitan*.

At the breakfast table the other morning he was relating to his wife an incident that occurred at the club the previous night. The chairman offered a silk hat to the member who could stand up and truthfully say that

during his married life he had never kissed any woman but his own wife.

"And, would you believe, Mary!—not one stood up."

"George," his wife said, "why didn't you stand up?"

"Well," he replied, "I was going to, but I look awful in a silk hat."—*London Opinion*.

The fifth day drew to its close with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced. The court was impatient.

"Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering the jury-room, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?"

"Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."—*London Opinion*.

Two Irishmen were in a city bank recently waiting their turn at the cashier's window. "This reminds me of Finnegan," remarked one. "What about Finnegan?" inquired the other. "Tis a story that Finnegan died, and when he greeted St. Peter he said, 'It's a fine job you've had here for a long time.' 'Well, Finnegan,' said St. Peter, 'here we count a million years as a minute and a million dollars as a cent.' 'Ah!' said Finnegan, 'I'm needing cash. Lend me a cent.' 'Sure,' said St. Peter, 'just wait a minute.'"

—*Paddy Fair*.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the noted author, does not agree with Colonel Roosevelt on the question of large families. Small families such as prevail in France indicate, to Sir Gilbert's mind, intelligence and progress, while large families indicate the reverse.

"Large families are so embarrassing, too," says Sir Gilbert. "I once

knew a man named Thompson who had fourteen children. Thompson agreed one spring holiday to take the children to the seashore for the weekend. They set off, reached the station, got their tickets, and were about to board the train when Thompson was roughly collared by a policeman.

"Here, wot 'a' ye bin a-doin' of?" the policeman growled fiercely.

"Me? Why? Nothing," stammered poor Thompson.

"The policeman waved his stick toward the Thompson family. 'Then wot the bloomin' blazes,' he hissed, 'is this 'ere crowd a-follerin' of ye fur?'"

—*Cosmopolitan*.

Smith's wife had died, and Mary Jones, the bosom friend of the dead woman, had asked the afternoon off to attend the funeral.

On Mary's return from the funeral her mistress said to her with gentle sympathy:

"And did you you get on all right at the funeral, Mary?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I had an elegant time," Mary answered, "I was in a fine cab with the corpse's husband, and he squeezed me hand all the way to the cemetery and back, and he said, said he, 'Mary, there's no getting 'round it; you're the belle of the funeral.'"

—*Harper's Magazine*.

One of the attaches of the American embassy at London tells a story wherein Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, who was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin, was the principal figure.

There was brought before him an Irish-American, charged with suspicious conduct. The officer making the arrest stated, among other things, that the culprit was wearing a "Republican hat."

"Does your Honor know what that means?" was the inquiry put to the court by the accused's lawyer.

"It may be," suggested Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."—*Harper's Weekly*.

When the Passion-Play at Ober-Ammergau was in progress ten years ago an American visitor spent much of his spare time looking up the actors in their homes and chatting with them about the play. One complaint he met almost everywhere was the tremendous fatigue the performers suffered at the close of the eight-hour performance. Coming to the home of Hans Zwick, the Judas of the play, he found the painter-actor in quite a cheerful mood.

"Does the performance fatigue you so much, too?" the tourist inquired.

Ere Herr Zwick could reply his little ten-year-old son chirped up:

"Pa, he don't get so tired. He hangs himself at three o'clock and comes home two hours before the others."—*Harper's Weekly*.

A conscientious Sunday school teacher had been endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the ultimate triumph of goodness over beauty. At the close of a story in which she flattered herself that this point had been well established, she turned confidently to a ten-year-old pupil and inquired: "And now, Alice, which would you rather be, beautiful or good?"

"Well," replied Alice, after a moment's reflection, "I think I'd rather be beautiful—and repent."—*Lippincott's*.

The lady of the house hesitated. "Are my answers all right?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied the census man.

"Didn't bother you a bit, did it?"

"No, madam."

"Feel under some obligations to me, don't you?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then, perhaps, you won't mind telling me how old the woman, next door claims to be?"

"Good day, madam," said the census man.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



The Publishers' Page

The offices of the *Busy Man's Magazine* in Toronto have been removed from the premises at 10 Front Street East, where the magazine was established, and has since been published, to the fine new building of the MacLagan Publishing Company at 111-117 University Avenue. Owing to the great development in the business of the publishers of *Busy Man's*, this change became imperative, as the old building was entirely inadequate to accommodate the various activities of the firm. In this growth, *Busy Man's* has shared to a marked degree. In fact, its development has been one of the important factors in bringing about the change.

Our August number is to be devoted mainly to articles dealing with educational subjects. About this time each year the attention of parents is directed largely to this important matter and it has been deemed advisable to give extra space in the August number to a discussion of a number of phases of the question.

A page of humor has been inserted in the present number, at the earnest solicitation of a number of readers, who have missed this feature ever since it was dropped over a year ago. While it hardly appealed to the management as a suitable department for such a magazine as *Busy Man's*, yet we have decided to defer to the wishes of a large circle of readers, who will welcome its restoration. We will follow the plan adopted before, of selecting the best stories from the comic columns of the other magazines, in

that way securing the very best material available.

The present number, devoted especially as it is to travel, is intended to show readers of the magazine a few of the choice resorts in Canada where they can spend a pleasant holiday. Of course, only the fringe of the subject has been touched. There are numerous other resorts, some of which are probably more familiar than those mentioned, which offer equally attractive features for the pleasure and comfort of tourists. To assist any who may desire fuller information about any of these resorts, *Busy Man's Travel Bureau* has been established and a letter to this department will receive prompt and careful attention.

The health value of a summer vacation cannot be too strongly emphasized. As the nights intervene between the days, giving opportunities for rest and recreation, so on a larger scale, the all-too-short summer comes in between the winter seasons, and during the summer weeks there is a natural call to man to quit his work, change his surroundings, and get fresh health and strength to meet the demands of the coming winter. The machinery of the body cannot be expected to run forever at the same rate and with the same efficiency. It must be given a rest from time to time. Unfortunately, with many people, who are blessed with a good physique, they fail to realize this need in time. Even if a person does not consciously feel the need for a vacation, he or she should make it a point to take one anyway during the summer.

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